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Selections.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA REFUGEES.

THEIR CONDITION—CONDUCT OF THE GOVERNMENT TOWARD THEM.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

PORT ROYAL, Feb. 2, 1862.

In a recent letter I mentioned the arrival of Mr. Edward L. Pierce, appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury aspecial government agent, with duties relating both to negroes and cotton. He has since been actively engaged in collecting information by help of which an intelligent opinion might be formed as to the present condition of the emancipated slaves remaining on the plantations, and the system that ought to be adopted for the government or superintendence of the negroes, and the management of the estates. In the course of two weeks he has visited seventeen plantations on St. Helena and Ladies' Islands, making a thorough investigation of each, and taking full notes of the results of his inquiries. An official report will be presented to the Department, stating these results and the conclusions based on them. Meantime, I am permitted to use information derived from conversations with Mr. Pierce, which I gladly avail myself of. As I use it herein in connection with evidence from different sources, I am wholly responsible for the contents of this letter.

On all the plantations visited, the negroes gave ready and accurate information concerning the number of hands employed, the method of cultivation, productiveness of the estate, and treatment of the slaves. A mass of statistics was obtained, valuable to the government in deciding questions of future policy.

But the present condition of the negroes, their immediate prospects and necessities, are such as to require special attention. The careful and full inquiries of Mr. Pierce confirm previous statements concerning the capacity and willingness of the negro to work when freed from the tyranny which has exacted his services without compensation; his desire for freedom; his conviction that no change can be made for the worse, and his loyal devotion to the power that delivers him. There are very few instances of attachment to their former masters, and those only in the case of favored house servants. The quantity of food allowed was the same on all plantations—a peck of corn in a week, and no other regular supply. If meat or anything else were given, it was occasionally, and at long intervals. It is needless to repeat that the quantity is insufficient for the wants of a laborer, whose full strength is constantly tasked. The excessive overwork which wears out the life of the slave with extravagant rapidity appears to have been more common on rice than cotton plantations, though from sunrise to sunset in the summer was the rule of the latter. It depends still more, perhaps, on the character of owners and overseers. I know one negro in camp, a carpenter by trade, who was set to picking cotton—a business he did not understand—and who, in three days, received four hundred lashes because he could not gather the quantity required. During and after this torture he was kept to work.

More important, however, than details of plantation life are the facts concerning their last three months' history, and the influence upon them of the sudden change of their condition, from the worst form of slavery to qualified freedom. The period has been one of transition and anomaly. The complete abandonment of these islands is without a parallel in military annals. Overwhelming and unchallenged evidence from all sources establishes the fact of the efforts made by the fugitive masters to carry off the slaves by force, and failing in that to destroy them by wholesale murder. That no greater number have actually been shot is partly because of their ingenuity in eluding pursuit, partly because the rebels were too much frightened to continue their efforts for a great length of time. The islands which were thus deserted have been only in part occupied by our troops. A large territory has been left in the exclusive control of the negroes, or subject only to the partial or occasional and temporary occupation of naval or military forces. Over this surface soldiers and sailors have been permitted to wander for every purpose which interest, curiosity, or less creditable motives could suggest, sometimes in regular parties for forage, more often in very irregular bands. They have visited plantations, and have been brought into contact with the negroes. The influence of such association upon the latter cannot have been beneficial. Armies are not the nurseries of morals, nor is the average of sense, discretion and virtue higher among common soldiers than among the same class of people engaged in civil pursuits. It is not to be understood that abuses have been approved or expressly permitted by the officers commanding on sea or shore. I shall refer by-and-by to the efforts made to prevent them, but it cannot be denied that a certain degree of license has been tolerated and even practised by officers of inferior rank.

It the government at Washington had shown as early a desire for the welfare of the negroes as for the collection of cotton, the former might have been materially benefitted, and even more of the cotton would have been secured than can now be gathered. Col. Reynolds, who was first appointed government agent solely, it appears, for the collection and shipment of cotton and confiscated or contraband property in general, is a Rhode Island cotton broker, possessing energy, business capacity, and integrity; but he has considered it his duty to consult the immediate interests of the Treasury, without much reference to those of the negro. The agents and clerks under him naturally reflect the character and carry out the purposes of their superior; but indirectly and incidentally, have been of service to the blacks on the plantations they have occupied, by standing between them and men who had less regard than themselves for the negroes. Excepting the four or five agents, each in charge of a large section of country, including many plantations, no civil arm has been interposed between the negroes and the rigor of military control, or the license of roving soldiers. Such protection has, of course, been uncertain and feeble.

In the camp at Port Royal, the superintendence of the negroes under Mr. Lee has been both humane and efficient. I know no special reason for complaint at Bay Point, Tybee, or Otter Island, at all which points are military garrisons and colonies of contrabands. Hilton Head Island contains more negroes on its different plantations than are gathered in camp, and the want of a general system of control under one responsible head, which shall give them uniform treatment and identical interests, is a serious obstacle to the best government of those in charge of Mr. Lee. His appointment was made by the chief Quartermaster, Capt. Saxton, but no authority exists for a general supervision or declaration of policy except in Gen. Sherman. A tariff of wages has been established by him, moderate, but perhaps as much as ought to be paid at first. The difficulty is that the negroes still remaining outside have hitherto been able to earn more by selling the produce of the plantations and the game and fish which they bring in than by the regular work which is offered them here, so that little or no inducement is held out to put themselves on the pay-roll of the Quartermaster. In this, as in many other things, is felt the want of a comprehensive policy, which will come in time, but might have been adopted long since.

The necessities of the army have seriously affected the present material interests of the negroes remaining on the plantations. An inadequate supply of forage on the arrival of the expedition, and subsequent inattention to requisitions at New York have obliged the Quartermasters to resort to the stores of corn on the estates which were intended for the subsistence of the slaves. Hilton Head Island, Port Royal Island, and parts of Ladies' Island have been nearly stripped of corn, and also of cattle. Hardly one estate has food enough remaining to last till April, while on most of them the supply varies from nothing to six weeks' subsistence. All the negroes on these islands will therefore soon be dependent on the army commissariat, unless special provision is made by government. The order of Gen. Sherman, hereafter referred to, includes only contrabands employed by the Quartermaster and their families. When support for 8,000 or 10,000 destitute negroes is called for, and the pro-slavery presses of the North seize the occasion to reiterate their habitual abuse of the negro, as lazy, improvident, and incapable of work, except by compulsion, two answers are ready: First: That not the negroes but the army, have consumed the greater part of these supplies. Secondly: That the services of the negroes may be availed of by government for whatever purpose it chooses, and it is the testimony of Mr. Sherman, in the letter of which the substance has been given in these columns, that the work of the able-bodied men, numbering probably one out of five or six of a family, will be sufficient, with their rations, to support them; and by his order, the cost of both clothing and rations, except what is issued to employees, will be deducted from the wages of the latter. On St. Helena, part of Ladies', and many of the more remote islands, supplies may still be had in considerable quantities.

There is reason for serious complaint at Beaufort within the camp lines. The negroes who have come in have there as here been in charge of the Quartermaster, but by some military legerdemain fell into the hands of the Brigade Quartermaster, Capt. Wm. Lilley, instead of the Quartermaster of the fort, Capt. Fuller. The views of Gen. Stevens, who is there in command, are well known to be pro-slavery in the extreme, and his prejudices against the negro unusually bitter. His Quartermaster is still worse, and has treated the unfortunate negroes under his charge with a criminal inhumanity of which Gen. Stevens might not have been guilty himself, but which he has nevertheless tolerated and sanctioned. A private from the 79th New York, an appointee of Capt. Lilley, has been permitted to carry and use a whip as the habitual means of enforcing what is called discipline in the Quartermaster's service. The whole system of superintendence was careless and cruel. Efforts to reform it and to improve the condition of the negroes have been thwarted by official interposition.

A Baptist clergyman from Boston, the Rev. Mr. Peck, known in connection with missionary enterprises, has endeavored, with good sense and judgment, to give some religious and other instruction to the negroes, and to care for them so far as he might without authority. A school has been established by his efforts, in which both teachers and pupils are negroes, and it still exists by the sufferance of Gen. Stevens, though he has declared that he recognizes the local laws of South Carolina as still in force, and will permit no illegal attempts at Christianizing or educating the blacks. Aware of the more liberal and humane policy of Gen. Sherman, he probably hesitates to suppress the school till a more convenient period. There are sixty pupils and three teachers, themselves not far advanced, but able to read and to spell one-syllabled words. Their ages are 20, 30, and 60 years; the pupils are children from 6 to 15. A civil superintendent is greatly needed, to hold the same relation to the Beaufort negroes that Mr. Lee does to those at Port Royal. It fortunately happens that Capt. Lilley has fallen into disgrace with Gen. Stevens, and is under arrest. Capt. Fuller has present charge in his place, and will at least treat the negroes humanely.

The large colony of North Edisto occupies only so much of Botany Bay Island as lies within the jurisdiction of loyal cannon. Capt. Ammen, of the Seneca, himself a Virginian originally, gathered and still protects the negroes who have escaped to the island. It has been impossible to spare troops to occupy this point, though one of much military importance; and the whole country, therefore, though abandoned, is open to incursions by the rebels, and is consequently unsafe for the blacks, except within range of the gunboats' fire. They have armed themselves with what weapons could be procured, not more than 40 or 50 having guns, and after once driving back a party of rebel cavalry that advanced against them, have picketed part of the island, and hold it in military occupation. The Seneca is too useful a vessel to be permanently stationed at a point so remote, but a gun-boat of some sort is always there. Provisions are brought down under cover of her guns, and the general interests of the blacks seem to be well protected.

It is aside from my present purpose to discuss the arming of the negroes; but the fact of an actual contest between the rebels and their former slaves, and the victory of the latter, is both significant and suggestive, and I add one other instance. Three negroes arrived some time since at Beaufort, whom their masters had sent from the plantation to the main land under guard of two soldiers with muskets and bayonets. The negroes were unarmed, but when out of hearing from the house they attacked and killed the two soldiers, and escaped within our lines. I endeavored to find them when last at Beaufort, and was told that after leaving the custody of the Provost-Marshal they were in charge of Capt. Lilley, but had since quitted the island—much to my regret, for I wanted to look into the eyes of two men brave enough to remind us that courage is of no color or race, and that all the heroism of the black race is not buried in the graves of Toussaint, or Turner, or Vesey.

I return to the subject of the present condition of the negroes, and the influences to which they have been exposed, a comprehensive statement of which is necessary before considering the remedy that needs to be applied. It may be granted that in the exciting circumstances it was necessary to take the supplies of the negroes from the plantations, but what must have been the effect of such a proceeding upon their minds? The zealous pains taken by their masters to persuade them that the Yankees came only to sell them to Cuba, may not have instilled that belief, yet, still, have succeeded in creating distrust. That they showed so little at first is a credit to their sagacity. If a feeling of doubt lingers and increases, the fault must be exclusively ours. Shameful instances of thoughtlessness and brutality in the treatment they have received from privates and inferior officers could be cited, and I fear it must be admitted that the majority of the army have shown little consideration for the negroes' rights in their personal and official intercourse. They were left, moreover, in total uncertainty as to the purpose of our coming, and its probable effect on their condition, and without an authoritative declaration of their freedom from the highest source, while the difficulty of distinguishing between the despotism of slavery and the necessary military restraint to which they have been subjected, and, finally, the difference of condition between those in camp and on the plantations, were themselves elements of confusion and inducements to distrust.

How stands it, then, to-day with this race, alleged to be originally inferior, oppressed through successive generations, and in this hour of deliverance subjected to such influences? I quote first, in answer, an extract from the report of Mr. Pierce to the Secretary of the Treasury, to the character and thoroughness of whose inquiries I have already referred, and whose evidence has a high value independently of its official weight. He addresses the Department as follows:

"In the report thus far such facts on the condition of the territory now occupied by the forces of the United States have been stated as seemed to throw light on what could be done to reorganize the laborers, prepare them to become sober and self-supporting citizens and secure the successful culture of a cotton crop, now so necessary to be contributed to the markets of the world. It will appear from them that these people are naturally religious and simple-hearted, attached to the places where they have lived, still adhering to them both from a feeling of local attachment and from a self-interest as securing the means of subsistence; that they have the knowledge and experience requisite to do all the labor, from the preparation of the ground for planting until the cotton is baled ready to be exported; that they are, the great mass of them, disposed to labor, with proper inducements thereto; that they lean upon white men and desire their protection, and could therefore, under a wise system, be easily under subordination; that they are susceptible to the higher considerations, as duty and the love of off-spring, and are not in any way inherently vicious, their defects arising from their peculiar condition in the past or present, and not from constitutional proneness to evil beyond what may be attributed to human nature; that they have among them natural chiefs, either by virtue of religious leadership or superior intelligence, who, being addressed, may exert a healthful influence on the rest; in a word, that in spite of their worse condition here than almost anywhere else in the rebellious region, there are such features in their condition and character that the opportunity is now offered to us to make of them, partially in the generation and fully in the next, a happy, industrious, law-abiding, free, and Christian people, if we have but the courage and patience to accept it. If this be the better view of them and their possibilities, I will say that I have come to it after anxious study of all peculiar circumstances in their lot and character, and after anxious conference with other reflecting minds who are prosecuting like inquiries, not overlooking what to a casual spectator might appear otherwise; and I will submit farther, that in common fairness and common charity, when, by the order of Providence, an individual or a race is committed to our care, the better view is entitled to be first practically applied.

If this view shall be adopted and crowned with success, history will have the glad privilege of recording that this wicked and unprovoked rebellion was not without compensations most welcome to our race."

This evidence covers the points on which information is most generally sought in the North, the present character of the negro, his industry, and capacity for freedom. Possessing an official character, and distinguished by candor and impartiality, it is entitled to universal belief.

I record, also, the testimony of those whose position and duties have brought them into the most intimate relations with the negroes, and whose opinion is the result of daily experience since the occupation of Port Royal, the Chief Quartermaster of the Expeditionary Corps, Capt. Rufus Saxton of the regular army, to whose department the care of the negroes is entrusted, and Mr. Barnard K. Lee, the Superintendent of contrabands in the camp at Hilton Head. They agree in their estimate of the value of the services of the negroes to the expeditionary force, and consider them generally well disposed and capable to work. Capt. Saxton is so fully impressed with their disposition and capacity, that in an official report to Gen. Sherman he has recommended that portions of land be assigned them for their own occupation and culture. Capt. Charles E. Fuller, Post-Quartermaster at Beaufort, who, as well during the mal-administration of Capt. Sibley as since, employed large numbers in his service, has repeatedly told me that they work for him faithfully and well. Mr. Duncan C. Wilson, the master carpenter at this port, has constantly as many as thirty under him, who are good workmen and industrious, some of them quite equal to the whites, whose labor they share. Indeed, my inquiries have convinced me that the charges of laziness brought against the negro are either based upon evidence of their former condition in slavery, when the fear of the lash was their only inducement to work, or come from men unfit to be trusted with their management, who could not discharge the duties of foreman over white laborers without similar experience. I do not leave out of view the influence of tropical climate on races, nor the more immediate effect of the anomalous position and circumstances of the negroes on these islands at present. Both have their inevitable effect, and are to be remembered in considering and deciding this question. But still the simple truth is, that a negro is very much like other human beings. Treat him kindly, and pay him fair wages, and he will work. Abuse him, and destroy all inducement to labor, and he would be more than a man if he did not resent it by idleness. The negroes in camp will do anything for Mr. Lee or his assistants, or for Mr. Wilson, or for anyone who does not oppress them; while for men who swear at them they will do nothing except on compulsion. It is remarkable how the strong religious element of their character controls their habits of thought and speech. An oath is hardly ever heard from their lips, even after long association with men habitually profane, and they shrink from the curses too often levelled against them, as if from a blow. And it is to be especially noted that what is true of the negroes here may be stated still more strongly in reference to them throughout the South, this being the spot where the influences of slavery have been most degrading. Whatever virtue has survived it here must exist elsewhere in greater degree. Moreover, even of those negroes, many of the most intelligent and capable were carried off by their masters.

Whoever has followed and considered the foregoing general statements concerning the character of the negroes, their condition, and the influences to which they are subject, must arrive at the conclusion that a comprehensive system of government, embracing the blacks on all the abandoned islands, as well those on plantations as in camps, is of immediate and urgent importance. Gen. Sherman has pressed upon the War Department the consideration of such a measure, and has on his own responsibility inaugurated reforms of limited application.

I annex to this letter a copy of a recently-issued order regulating the pay and rations of contrabands in the service of the Quartermaster's Department, and providing for their families. Commodore Dupont is sincerely interested, both in the general question and in the present welfare of the negroes as affected by the conduct of men under his command. Regulations as to the communication of the squadron with the shore were early established, and when irregularities and excesses by officers and men were officially brought to his notice by Mr. Pierce, immediate investigation was made, and a general order was issued that ought to prevent entirely the recurrence of similar abuses.

It has been proposed to lease these plantations, and there is no doubt that an effort is making by speculators to obtain them for their own profit. I need not stop to recite the evidence of this conspiracy, for it is impossible that it should succeed. To put these deserted estates, and the negroes upon them, into the hands of men who seek them only as a means of pecuniary profit, would be only less shameful than a general reenslavement of the whole. No regulations could be devised, efficient to control their management and secure humane treatment to the negroes. Even if the best of men were placed in such a position, the temptation of absolute power and increased profits might be too great for their humanity. In the hands of speculators who are striving to absorb them, the condition of the negroes would be worse than ever.

A system of superintendence has been already suggested by Gen. Sherman, and in some form or other will probably be adopted. Mr. Pierce recommends to the Treasury Department a plan similar in its general features, and explains it in more detail. A director, or governor, is to be placed on the islands, with large discretionary powers, and with deputies and assistants in the duties of visitation and general oversight. Under him superintendents should be appointed for each plantation, or in charge of more than one of the smaller estates. The plan proposes to secure at once the production of a cotton crop, and the humane care for their present interests and future advancement. Statistics and information as to the culture of the cotton are embraced in his report. There seems to be no substantial disagreement between the plans of Gen. Sherman and Mr. Pierce, both proposing that the government take charge of the plantations, raise the cotton, care for the negroes, pay them wages, and receive the profits. They unite in recommending the employment of instructors, and a suggestion not less important is added by Mr. Pierce, that religious teachers be sent to address the religious nature especially strong in them, whose labors will greatly facilitate all other efforts. Both regard the necessity of superintendence as necessary, and recognizing the fact of emancipation as accomplished, look to an early advance of the negro to that point where he shall be left wholly free, under the law, to control his own acts and achieve the destiny of his race.

HEADQUARTERS, E. C.,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., Jan. 18, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 3.—1. All able-bodied contrabands taken into the service of the Quartermaster's Department in pursuance of orders heretofore issued will be compensated for their services as follows:

Mechanics under forty-five years of age, from nine dollars to twelve dollars per month, according to their abilities; and those upward of forty-five years of age, eight dollars per month.

Laborers from fifteen to twenty years of age, from four to six dollars per month; those from twenty to forty five years of age, from six dollars to eight dollars per month; those upward of forty-five years of age, from four to six dollars per month.

2. All contrabands employed in cutting wood for post bakeries will be allowed a reasonable compensation per cord, to be fixed by the Council of Administration, and will be paid from the proceeds of the bakeries.

3. All contraband employees will receive one ration per day each.

4. All contrabands employed in the public service as above, as also their families, will be furnished with suitable clothing by the Quartermaster's Department, whenever it cannot be otherwise obtained.

Their families will be supplied with rations at the following rates:

To each person over fourteen years of age one ration. To each person upward of two and under fourteen years of age one-half ration.

The cost price of the clothing and rations issued as above, excepting what is issued to employees, will be deducted from the wages of the latter.

5. As contraband women may be advantageously employed as cooks and laundresses, it is to be hoped that abundant employment will be given them. The benevolence of the patriotic and philanthropic is appealed to in their behalf.

By order of Brigadier-General T. W. SHERMAN.
L. H. PELOUZE, Capt. 15th Infantry, Act. Asst. Adjt.-Gen.

Feb. 9.—My last letter was meant as a general survey of the condition and prospects of the negroes on the islands in occupation of Gen. Sherman's command. Since it was written, an order of the utmost importance has been issued by Gen. Sherman, establishing, or rather announcing, a system of superintendence for the blacks, intended to cover the whole ground. Before referring to it more particularly, I ought to add a statement concerning the mission of the Rev. Mansfield French, who came out in the Matanzas, at the request of many benevolent friends in New York, to inquire into the present condition and wants of the negroes, both material and spiritual, and to devise plans for their relief. His purpose was communicated to and approved by the late Secretary of War and the President, who gave him a special recommendation to the military authorities. His inquiries have extended over parts of several islands, and the plans resulting from them have reference to all. At Beaufort, especially, where there has been the greatest need of active interest and interposition, an effect already beneficial has been produced; and I am glad to learn that Gen. Stevens has given him all the aid in his power, and promised future coöperation in his plans. These comprise an appeal to the North for clothing; the bringing out of a number of women to go to the plantations, and see to the distribution and making up of what is sent: the establishment of an industrial school at Beaufort for women, to which a few of the most competent from the plantations shall be at first induced to go; and to establish day schools for children wherever numbers and means will warrant. These plans have the written sanction of Com. Dupont, Gen. Sherman, Capt. Saxton, and Col. Reynolds.

Efforts to secure a supply of clothing have been made in various ways, and some has been already obtained by Mr. Pierce from private sources, and by Col. Reynolds, who has just returned from Washington, from government; but it is impossible that too great a quantity should be sent. Gen. Sherman has twice made a public request for it, and both he and Com. Dupont cordially endorse the appeal of Mr. French.

The order of Gen. Sherman, of which I enclose a copy, is so plainly beneficent in its object, and judicious in its general plan, that some criticism on its terms may be omitted. But the influence of old opinions and habits of thought is painfully evident in the expression concerning the very people whom he is striving to benefit. The worst of the blacks hardly deserve the epithets he has indiscriminately applied to the race. That such terms do not represent either the facts or his real opinions, is evident from his proposal to leave the management of the plantations to the negroes themselves, under the superintendence of agents. It might seem, also, if only the wording of the sentence were considered, that the abandonment of the blacks by their "constitutional guardians"—in other words, their practical liberation—was a crime second only to the disregard of the General's proclamation by the same offenders. But it is enough to say that the order is too carelessly written for the importance of its subject, and retains in some expressions more of the bitterness of old prejudices than suits the benevolence of its purpose.

No reference is made to the plan of leasing the plantations, which has been urged by unscrupulous adventurers, but the adoption of this system makes that impossible. Lest any doubt should remain as to the strength of Gen. Sherman's opinion against the leasing, I quote from a letter addressed by him to Mr. French, under date of Feb. 8, in answer to a communication referring to that and other subjects. The whole correspondence is to be published by Mr. French. The extract is as follows:

"I believe that the leasing of the plantations would put them into the hands of greedy and avaricious speculators, and that the blacks, who alone could work them, would necessarily fall into the same hands, and their condition would become far worse than when under their former masters. Lucre and avarice would rule the hour, and the poor blacks, already too unfortunate, would be the victims of the love of gold on the part of a second master, only more exacting than the first, because neither past associations nor even the tie of ownership could win for them any higher feeling than a desire to make the most profitable pecuniary use of them, regardless of all their true interests. The only high duty to be performed is to raise the blacks to a condition that will meet the necessities which their masters and guardians have forced upon them, viz., to support and govern themselves. Now, this, in my humble opinion, can only be promptly and judiciously commenced by an agent wholly disinterested in the profits of their labor; and the only agent I would be willing to trust to do this is the government, working through conscientious and hired delegates."

The practical operations of this plan will probably be arranged in conference with the Treasury Department. The agents to whose charge such vast interests are to be entrusted need to be selected with care—certainly cannot be found here. It is impossible to overrate the importance of the experiment about to be tried. If a cotton crop can be produced on these islands by free labor of negroes, under the superintendence of the government, the most formidable difficulty in the way of universal emancipation is removed. What to do with the negroes, when free, is the terrible question that constantly presents itself to the timid conservatism of the North. They are capable of doing all the work on a plantation—have always done it as slaves. If they *will* do it as freemen, who shall deny them the right?

GENERAL ORDERS No. 9, HEADQUARTERS, E. C., Hilton Head, S. C., Feb. 6, 1862.—The helpless condition of the blacks inhabiting the vast area in the occupation of the forces of this command calls for immediate action on the part of a highly favored and philanthropic people.

The occupation of a large portion of this area of country on the 7th of November last, led to an address to the people of South Carolina, briefly setting forth the causes which led to it; its objects and purposes; and inviting all persons to the reoccupation, in a loyal spirit, of their lands and tenements, and to a continuance of their avocations, under the auspices of their legitimate government, and the protection of the Constitution of the United States.

The conciliatory and beneficent purposes of that proclamation, except in a few instances, have not only been disregarded, but hordes of totally uneducated, ignorant and improvident blacks, who have been abandoned by their constitutional guardians, not only to all the future chances of anarchy and starvation—but in such a state of abject ignorance and mental stolidity as to preclude all possibility of self-government and self-maintenance in their present condition.

Adequate provision for the pressing necessities of this unfortunate and now interesting class of people being therefore imperatively demanded, even by the dictates of humanity alone, an additional duty, next only in importance to that of the preservation of a world-revered Constitution and Union, is now forced upon us by an unnatural and wicked rebellion.

To relieve the government of a burden that may hereafter become insupportable, and to enable the blacks to support and govern themselves in the absence and abandonment of their disloyal guardians, a suitable system of culture and instruction must be combined with one providing for their physical wants.

Therefore, until proper legislation on the subject, or until orders from higher authority, the country in occupation of the forces of this command will be divided off into districts of convenient size for proper superintendence. For each of these districts a suitable agent will be appointed to superintend the management of the plantations by the blacks, to enroll and organize the willing blacks into working parties, to see that they are well fed, clad, and paid a proper remuneration for their labor, to take charge of all property on the plantations, whether found there, provided by the government, or raised from the soil, and to perform all other administrative duties connected with the plantations that may be required by the government. A code of regulations on this subject, as well as a proper division of districts, will be furnished in due time.

In the meanwhile, and until the blacks become capable of themselves of thinking and acting judiciously, the service of competent instructors will be received—one or more for each district—whose duties will consist in teaching them, both young and old, the rudiments of civilization and Christianity—their amenability to the laws of both God and man—their relation to each other as social beings, and all that is necessary to render them competent to sustain themselves in social and business pursuits.

For an efficient and complete organization of this system, there will be appointed two General Agents—one to have a general superintendence over the administrative or agricultural agents, and the other over the educational department.

II. The above system is not intended, in any respect, to interfere with the existing orders respecting the employment of contrabands by the staff departments of the army, and by the cotton agents.

III. As the blacks are now in great need of suitable clothing, if not other necessaries of life, which necessity will probably continue, and even increase, until the above system gets into working order, the benevolent and philanthropic of the land are most earnestly appealed to for assistance in relieving their immediate wants. Never was there a nobler or more fitting opportunity for the opperation of that considerate and practical benevolence for which the Northern people have ever been distinguished.

By order of Brig.-Gen. T. W. SHERMAN.
LOUIS H. PELOUZE, Capt. 15th Infantry, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

INFAMOUS PROPOSITION FROWNED DOWN.

THE bitter prejudice against the blacks which prevails throughout the Western States has just had a striking manifestation in Illinois, in the form of a resolution, started in the State Convention, to banish all negroes from the State. The discreditable proposition was put down by a vote of 21 ayes to 46 nays; but that, in the Convention which is preparing the fundamental law that shall be to all the world the embodiment and the index of the civilization of Illinois, twenty-one men—the representatives of two-sevenths of her people—should be found willing to record themselves as favoring a decree driving from her soil the members of a wronged race, in face of law, Christianity and common humanity, is a notable example of how powerfully prejudices interfere with men's sense of justice. The noble, free State of Illinois already stands under the dishonor of having a series of despotic black laws on her statute-book; but the proposition which the Convention had the sense of morality to frown down, is more tyrannical than any despotic excess for which Austria or Naples has been held up to the execration of mankind. The proposed expulsion of all free colored persons from the State is the more disgraceful in that it has its origin in no danger present or prospective, public or private, to be apprehended from the black population—for Illinois happily has no slaves whose good manners might be corrupted by the presence of free individuals of their own race. It is, in fact, simply the offshoot of the bitter prejudice against negroes common in the Western States, arising from various geographical, political and social causes. The vote negativing the proposed measure is sufficiently emphatic to inspire hopes that a more tolerant spirit will ere long prevail.—*N. Y. Times.*

CONTRABANDS IN KANSAS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD REGIMENT, K. V.,
CAMP DEFIANCE, Jan. 21, 1862.

THE reluctance with which our military authorities touch the institution of slavery cannot, I think, result from any peculiar love they have for the thing itself, but from an apprehension that no satisfactory disposition can be made of the slaves when freed. Having had a hand in the delicate business of procuring homes and employment for some hundreds of them in Kansas, comprising all ages and conditions, I propose, with your permission, to give the results of my experience to the readers of *The Tribune.*

The Kansas Brigade had not been long in the field before it became evident to Gen. Lane, and in fact to the whole army, that the slaves had a practical knowledge of the object and tendency of the war. Scarcely a day or a night passed that one or more did not come to our camp, or to the command when on the march. All received the kindest treatment, and were made to feel that they were among friends and at home. Most of them brought valuable information to our officers, either of the enemy, or of the state of affairs in the neighborhood they left. As many as were needed as cooks, teamsters, servants, etc., were employed in camp, and paid wages such as were mutually agreed upon by the parties. The remainder were allowed to go into Kansas and find employment for themselves. These things commenced immediately after the Brigade took the field in August last, and they were encouraged by Gen. Lane, Col. Montgomery, Maj. Williams, and others, not only from motives of justice and humanity, but as being the best war policy that could be adopted.

It was found that the killing of a soldier in arms had not half the effect upon the realm of Secessia that the escaping of a slave had. The case was reasoned thus: If restoring to slaves their natural rights, especially when they are making honorable efforts to attain these, deals the heaviest blows upon this hydra-headed rebellion, and at the same time saves life, also much property from destruction, does not every consideration of justice, humanity, and expediency require that such policy be adopted? The war was begun by the rebels to sanction, fortify, and extend slavery. As soon as it is effectually made the engine for slavery's destruction, the rebels, unless blinded and maddened by judicial wrath, will lay down their arms.

Wherever the enemy could be found we fought him. When no such work was on hand some little attention was given to the *cause* of the war and to its removal. If the campaign was a success—if we met with no disgraces or disasters—if it has made Gen. Lane one of the most trusted and popular officers in the army, the whole may be attributed to the policy adopted.

When near the border these self-freedmen were leaving camp every day, to begin on the free soil of Kansas their new life in the world. How many thus left I have no means of knowing, but probably some hundreds. Loyal citizens were allowed to come freely into camp, and persuade, if they could, their slaves to return with them. This was frequently attempted, but in no case with success. Had not the rebels run off large gangs of slaves to Arkansas and to other parts of the South, the number that fell into our hands would have been largely increased. On the march from Kansas City to Oseola hundreds came within our lines. While the brigade was within striking distance of a place of safety they were allowed to go on and take care of themselves. On our arrival at Oseola, or what was once Oseola, upwards of a hundred refugees were connected with the command, and all their troop were gathered together, and, under the protection of a suitable escort, they were sent to Kansas.

It was not till we reached Lamar, on our return from Springfield, that I had anything to do in particular with this business. At Lamar, our camp was pretty well thronged with all sorts, sizes, and ages of colored refugees. Gen. Lane issued an order to Chaplains Moore, Fisher, and Fisto, to take them in charge, together with their property, conduct them directly to Fort Scott, and furnish homes and employment for them in Kansas. They were also ordered to make for them the best disposition possible of their effects. Their property, of all kinds, constituted a respectable outfit. It was generally acquired as follows: Slaves, with horses, mules, oxen, waggons, carriages, etc., in charge, were sent by their masters into the brush for safe-keeping. The slaves had been taught that the army was made up of Jayhawkers, and that they either killed or sold all the slaves they could get hold of. Their minds were filled with a multitude of bugbear stories of this kind. But the game did not win. Large numbers would come out of the brush as soon as an opportunity was presented, and bring their entire charge into camp. Many single men have travelled thirty, forty, and fifty miles, mostly by night, before reaching our lines. When, therefore, we got ready to leave for Kansas, our means of transportation was almost equal to the demand. About 4 o'clock p.m. the train was ready and in line. After leaving in camp all that were needed as laborers, we counted as pilgrims to a land of freedom 216, and the train was about one mile in length.

I venture to say, that so large a caravan of the kind had never been seen before in this land of mixed slavery and freedom. Could old John Brown have left Virginia as we left Missouri, his great heart would have beat with all the strength and vitality of youth. As the chief command of the Black Brigade (as it is called) was given to the writer, he felt that the honor more properly belonged to parties now sleeping with the dead.

No escort was allowed us, and we had a journey of 40 miles to make through the enemy's country. We formed our train on Main street in the village of Lamar, and as we had with us a small waggon-load of condemned muskets which Col. Nugent was forwarding to Fort Scott, I distributed them among the men to be carried, at least till after dark, that the maddened lookers-on might not be too strongly tempted to pursue us. Not a gun was loaded, nor had we a cartridge; but that made no difference, as the enemy did not know it. The young and single men, all mounted and thus armed, formed our rear guard.

That night we made about 17 miles and camped, fed our teams from the cornfield of a Secesh who was wounded in the battle at Carthage, took supper or breakfast, or both, at 1 o'clock, and a few slept. That was one of the most pleasant journeys I ever made. The moon was just entering upon its second quarter, which gave sufficient light; the night was warm for November, scarcely a breeze was stirring, and for miles not a sound could be heard except the noise of the waggons, the tramp of horses, and, occasionally, the voice of a teamster. The tinge of melancholy which all nature wore that night was favorable to reflection, and seemed to hush to stillness our entire motley train, which only added to the enjoyments of all.

After the moon had gone down the darkness was such that we could not safely travel, and as patiently as possible we waited for the first approach of light. Our teams had been in readiness for starting at least an hour when one of our most intelligent women said to me, fronting to the east, "See there, the day is breaking, those are streaks of light." Not being so familiar with that early hour, I said, "Are you sure of it." Her emphatic reply satisfied me, not only that she knew what she said, but that a lively fear of pursuit by the Secesh was at work in her mind. An advance was immediately ordered, and about 8 o'clock we crossed the line into Kansas. When informed that they were truly in Kansas—a land of freedom, where human beings can't be held as slaves—such shouting, hurrahing, as came from men, women and children along the whole line, one may not expect to hear twice in a lifetime. Three cheers for Jim Lane, "The Liberator," wound up the grand chorus. What a contrast does this scene present to that which would have been witnessed had these same persons been on their way to the slave-pens of New Orleans!

That night we reached Fort Scott and were kindly received by our military authorities and the citizens generally. Next morning villagers—men and women—and farmers from the country came in to see us. One wanted a family to occupy a vacant house; one a girl to educate and train generally, to her liking; another a boy to dress like her own; another a good farm hand, etc., etc. As Fort Scott is near the border, we complied with these requests very sparingly. About 40, however, of our charge were left in this place. In parting with one we gave him or her a surname, took the age, the name of the man to whom the party formerly belonged, and a written pledge from the ward or guardian that he or she should be paid for services a sum agreed upon, and be used well. In this way the rest were scattered throughout the country between Fort Scott, Lawrence and Topeka. No difficulty was experienced in finding homes and ready employment for every one. All, however, desired to go to Lawrence, but former trains had supplied the demand in that place. Most of them parted from the train with reluctance. We could not persuade parents to part with their children in any case. Our train was disposed of in less than a week, and a thousand could have been provided for as well.

This was in November, and since then I have had an opportunity of seeing or hearing from nearly every family and every person. The reports are quite uniform that they are industrious, steady in their habits, and doing well. In Lawrence, two Churches have been organized, two Sabbath Schools, and a day school of about ninety scholars. From citizens we hear but very little complaint. We have, in fact, received applications for large numbers of colored people that we had not the means of filling.

MR. SUMNER'S DECLARATORY RESOLUTIONS.

IN the U. S. Senate, Feb. 11, the following Resolutions were introduced by Charles Sumner:

RESOLUTIONS *declaratory of the relations between the United States and the territory once occupied by certain States, and now usurped by pretended governments, without Constitutional or legal right.*

Whereas, Certain States, rightfully belonging to the Union of the United States, have, through their respective governments, wickedly undertaken to abjure all those duties by which their connection with the Union was maintained; to renounce all allegiance to the Constitution; to levy war upon the National government; and, for the consummation of this treason, have unconstitutionally and unlawfully confederated together, with the declared purpose of putting an end by force to the supremacy of the Constitution within their respective limits; and, Whereas, This condition of insurrection, organized by pretended governments, openly exists in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Virginia, except in Eastern Tennessee and Western Virginia, and has been, declared by the President of the United States, in a proclamation duly made in conformity with the act of Congress, to exist throughout this territory, with the exceptions already named; and, whereas, the extensive territory, thus usurped by these pretended governments and organized into a hostile Confederacy, belongs to the United States, as an inseparable part thereof, under the sanctions of the Constitution, to be held in trust for the inhabitants in the present and future generations, and is so completely interlinked with the Union

to the receiving tomb of the Judiciary Committee. Senator Sumner prevailed. There has been a misapprehension at the North on this point, from the defective telegraphic report. A bill organizing the rebel territory into territorial governments on the principles of these resolutions will shortly be reported by the Territorial Committees of the two Houses. Another bill, establishing a Provisional government in South Carolina, has been sanctioned in an important quarter.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE SOUTHERN ARISTOCRACY!

THE reaction, apparent rather than real, as we hope and believe, in favor of slavery and slaveholders, which the present rebellion in this country, caused by the one and carried on by the other, has produced in England, is one of the oddest phenomena of a period fertile in moral and historical contradictions. We believe most sincerely in a remnant of sincere and intelligent Abolitionists there, such as George Thompson in England and our excellent Dublin Correspondent in Ireland, whose hearts' desire is for the abolition of American slavery, even if it could not be effected without some disturbance of the industry and some interruption of the prosperity of the British empire. Cosmopolitan souls, who recognize a loyalty higher even than that they owe to their Queen, and a morality which is beyond even the omnipotence of Parliament. But the present affliction hath certainly been blest to the trying of men's souls and to the separation of the precious from the vile in a truly marvellous manner, and, as far as we can judge from appearances at this distance, and from all we can learn from those who have studied them near by, the vile numerically abounds more than the precious, the dross outweighs the gold, the goats outnumber the sheep. We set aside entirely all the excitement on the Trent affair, as we have acknowledged that we were technically wrong there, and admit the reasonableness of the feeling on that matter, without considering whether the circumstance of our being hampered with our insurrection had anything to do with the strength and ferocity, even, of its expression. But we cannot but apprehend, from all the means of knowledge, public and private, that we possess, that the bent of the public sympathy in England is directed towards the slaveholders and not towards us. And while we acknowledge with shame the occasion our government and our Generals and our press have given to the taunts that we are fighting as much for slavery as our enemies, by their statements as to the causes and objects of the war, and their treatment of the negroes, we still have not the charity to believe that this makes any particular difference in the weight of public sentiment; because, though *we* are not avowedly fighting for the abolition of slavery, the rebels *are* avowedly fighting for its preservation and extension. So we cannot attribute much of the secession sympathy in England to this nice moral distinction.

This state of feeling, so different from what we might have expected, judging from the slaveholding anti-English speeches of old time, and the utterances in Congress and by the press of slaveholding Northern sympathizers, has a variety of causes working together to a common end. In the first place, the great test of self-interest has been applied to the hereditary anti-slavery sentiment of the British Islands. A disturbance in the industrial and commercial relations of the empire has taken place, and that a disturbance arising from an interference with the present prosperity of slavery, whether with any ultimate purpose or tendency to overthrow it or not. The cotton manufacture and the millions engaged in it are in danger of great loss, if not of actual ruin, from the interruption of the supply of the raw material, while the mercantile interest feels most acutely the diminution of trade caused by the diminished consumption of the whole nation, largely attributable to our political derangements. This has naturally created an impatience of spirit on the part of those suffering these inconveniencies, which finds relief in railing accusations against the United States, and in good wishes and friendly aspirations for the success of their enemies. Then, again, large amounts of the State stocks of the rebel States are held in England. This we know from the highest stock-broking authority. These securities are worth nothing now, and probably never will be good for anything—certainly not, unless this war be brought to a close before those States, poverty-stricken before, are utterly and hopelessly ruined. Besides this, the rebel agents employed in England have been indefatigable in their work of mischief, and it is by no means incredible that any amount of Confederate Bonds have been placed in their hands as the sinews of the warfare they were sent to wage. A judicious distribution of these promises to pay among the satellites, if not among the great central orbs, of journalism, might be blest to the effecting of a state of mind strangely inclinable to the side, the success of which would give value to those bonds, now not worth the paper on which they are printed. We do not affirm that this is so, but we think it cannot be rejected as an hypothesis so inherently absurd as not to be fit to be entertained.

Another reason, we think, is to be found in the disposition of the common British mind, if we may belive the testimony of Mr. Thackeray and other satirists of their own, to admire, not to say adore, whatever presents itself to its contemplation clothed with the reality or the pretence of superior rank. We trust our best friends there, who are the farthest removed in the world from this weakness, will pardon us if we say that we think an Appendix, at least, if not an additional chapter, might be made to "The Book of Snobs, by One of Them," germane to these later developments. The impudent assumption of the slaveholders to be *par excellence* the gentlemen of the country, elevated above the Northern masses by wealth, refinement of manners, and elegance of living, has been accepted by a large number of English periodical writers, and enforced as the true faith upon the multitude that look up to them for guidance. This weapon of offence, in every sense of the word, has been made use of, in private society and by the press, in a manner and with a persistency which shows that its effectiveness is understood. A recent English traveller in this country—said to be a worthy whelp of that "puppy-dog" celebrated by Moore for his dealings with the "dead lion,"*

"Who lifted his leg at the noble beast's carcase,
And did all a dog so diminutive can"—

this traveller said at a public table to an American, "You know, all the gentlemen in America are at the South." "Perhaps so," replied his interlocutor "though I have never met any such. But, then, I am told there are gentlemen in England, *but they never come to this country!*" Now, in itself, this absurd assertion is of no importance; but it might be worth while to contradict it, could it be done effectually, when it is made the occasion of malignant mischief. The fact is as absolutely the reverse of the assertion as possibly can be. That there are families at the South respectably descended from English and French stocks is undoubtedly true; but these are very exceptional cases. New England and the States north of Maryland, at least, were settled by the very best kind of the English yeomanry, when there existed such a class, led by many men of gentle blood, "not a few," as an early historian says, "of noble families."

The Southern country, from Virginia downward, on the contrary, was settled by the very dregs of the British Islands. It was the Botany Bay of England for a hundred and fifty years or so, on whose shores were emptied the refuse of the gallows and the lees of the jails. These wretches were bound as servants, virtual slaves, for a term of years, and remained permanently on the soil, as a general thing. To wive them suitably the prostitutes of the great cities were gathered up out of the streets and exported by shiploads to the plantations. From this *colluvies* is sprung the great body of the chivalry of the South, and from this descent one curious in the transmission of hereditary qualities might find the origin of much of the baseness, falsehood, cunning and cruelty that mark the Southern character. It is no wonder that the Quarterly Reviewer, whose article we copied in part last week, should shrink from the contamination of the association of such an aristocracy with that of England. But even that intelligent writer falls into the mistake of supposing that any of the Southern planters live in a style of hospitable elegance resembling that of the country gentlemen of England. If he will read the travels of Mr. Olmstead in all those regions, extending over four years, he will learn how sordid and destitute of comfort is the life of the average planter, and how far from the picture he has drawn of it. We remember once asking a distinguished gentleman, who has often been a guest at the best houses of England, in town and country, and who had just returned from an extensive tour in the South, where he had seen the best phase of its life, how a common acquaintance of ours there lived, and "whether he lived like a gentleman?" "Why, yes," said he, "he lives as much like a gentleman as anybody does there. But," he went on, "nobody lives like a gentleman there, according to English and New England ideas." And then he proceeded to give us particulars which would make the Quarterly Reviewer's hair stand on end, of the discomforts and lack of elegance of the best houses.

All this is of no importance, excepting as far as it shows how incompatible slavery is with a high condition even of external and material civilization, unless the knowledge of the truth could be made to dispel the halo with which the negro-drivers have contrived to encircle themselves in the eyes of the "Snobs of England.' But it is, probably, past praying for. But, for the credit of their own institutions, they should be slow to confound their own aristocracy, which has generally some historical association with public service connected with it, with the base counterfeit in our slave States, resting not on ancestral renown or ancestral acres, but on the fee-simple of human beings, reduced to the condition of the beasts that lack discourse of reason, and symbolized not by the heraldic emblems of long descent or eminent services, but by the manacle, the cart-whip, the thumb-screw, and the branding-iron.

* See Moore's lines entitled "The Living Dog and the Dead Lion," occasioned by Leigh Hunt's Life of Lord Byron.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA REFUGEES.

THE letter on the first page, from *The Tribune's* special correspondent at Port Royal, we commend to our readers as the testimony of an enlightened, humane and conscientious observer, as to the character, behavior and condition of the Refugees from slavery in that region. It confirms the best anticipations of the Abolitionists as to their love of liberty, their willingness to labor, their freedom from vindictiveness toward their late masters, and their readiness to receive instruction. In the light of this testimony how palpable and inexcusable the wickedness of enslaving the negroes; how mean the assumption of their incapacity for freedom; how contemptible all the excuses which stand in the way of a proclamation of liberty, under the war power, to every bondman in the land; and how insufferably foolish as well as base the talk of banishing them from the soil which they have so long watered by their tears and paid for again and again by their uncompensated toil! Better colonize their masters, whose "manners and morals," depraved by the daily exercise of tyranny, make them dangerous members of society, as the history of the Rebellion abundantly shows, and who are so few in number that the expense of their transportation would impose no very heavy burden upon the national treasury.

The suggestions of the correspondent in respect to the policy proper to be pursued by the government toward the Refugees, and his criticism of the measures thus far adopted by Gen. Sherman and his subordinates, appear to us timely as well as just; and we could hardly wish for anything better than the adoption of his views. *The World*, however, makes a proposal which we deem worthy of attention:

"We wish that a commission, consisting say of five eminent and philanthropic gentlemen, might be appointed by the government to devise and superintend a plan for conducting the experiment in practical emancipation which, either wisely or unwisely, either in pursuance of a system or without any system, must proceed in the vicinity of Hilton Head. We are not prepared to suggest all the names for such a commission, but we are sure that men of character, benevolence and foresight can easily be found, who would cheerfully undertake its duties with a full appreciation of their bearing on the greatest social problem that remains to be solved on this continent. We are quite sure that all politicians should be kept as carefully weeded out of such a commission as nettles out of a garden bed. We think, too, that it ought to consist, if not of professed emancipationists, at least of men who have faith in the character and capacity of the negro race, but who are at the same time free from crotchets, fair-minded, practical, and one or two of whom should possess a faculty for philosophical observation. Mr. John Jay has occurred to us as a suitable member of such a commission. Mr. Fred. Law Olmstead probably combines more qualifications for such an office than any other man in the country. We have thought of Gerrit Smith, but fear that his idiosyncracies would prevent him from appreciating the gentle, varied and complex educative influences which ought to be brought to bear on the negro character in order to give the experiment the highest value. Some enlightened and liberal-minded clergyman, and some eminent member of the Society of Friends, would be suitable members of such a commission.

"The purpose of the experiment should be to afford, for the instruction of the country, and more especially for the guidance of our statesmen and legislators, a practical demonstration of the capacity of the average mass of the plantation slaves of the South for regulated freedom."

The World, in its fear of Gerrit Smith's idiosyncracies, only shows its ignorance of the character of that eminent philanthropist, than whom, we venture to say, there is not in all the land a man more eminently fitted to appreciate "the gentle, varied and complex educative influences which ought to be brought to bear on the negro character in order to give the experiment the highest value." Indeed, we believe that all those who are acquainted with Mr. Smith, however they might differ in their estimate of him in other respects, would unite in the judgment that he is just the man of all others for the service required of such a commission as that proposed by *The World;* and we are equally sure that Abolitionists would concur most heartily in the appointment upon such a commission of the other eminent gentlemen named by that paper.

DR. TYNG, the venerable Rector of St. George's Episcopal Church in this city, delivered an address, not long since in the Church of the Puritans, introductory to a concert by the Hutchinson Family for the benefit of the daughters of soldiers slain or disabled in the present war. The reporter of *The Tribune* says:

"He closed by welcoming the Hutchinson Family, who had left their mountain home to come down among the people and cheer them with the gladsome songs of Freedom. There were places where such strains could not be echoed, but the time had come when, throughout the loyal North, they could sing the strongest words in behalf of Right and in rebuke of Wrong. Even there (in the Church of the Puritans), old conservatives like himself could not help feeling free to speak an honest word for liberty. Somehow, the atmosphere of that church was infectious (applause), and before the people would know it they would be all standing and working in glorious harmony with the indefatigable Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and then they would wonder why they had stood so long anywhere else. As for himself, he was resolved to stand by that cause which sought to sweep away every obstruction to the proper development of Republican Freedom in this nation" (applause).

ERRATUM.—One line of the "Song for the Times," printed by us last week, was marred by the omission of a word. We allude to the first line of the last stanza, which should read—

"O great good soul of Old John Brown."

"H. M." AND "SHOTTED GUNS."

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IT would ill become any American at this time, Abolitionist or otherwise, to seek a controversy with any friendly person on the other side of the water; and nothing could be farther from my desire than to continue a discussion with your English correspondent H. M., although her letter, in your paper of Saturday last, reiterates and insists upon every statement, charge, and condemnation, which she had brought against us, as a nation, before.

No one is more ready than I am to admit frankly the gross failures in duty, to ourselves and to the world, of which the government of the United States, for more than forty years, has been guilty, in the matter of slavery and of the slave trade, foreign and domestic. But when our government, for the first time in our history, aroused to resist the tyrannous and insolent designs of the Slave Power in rebellion against our liberties and our very life as a nation, finds itself threatened by England with a war simply because an American naval officer, in zeal to serve his country, had taken from a British mail-packet two of the most malignant conspirators of the rebellion, my very *anti-slavery* convictions and sentiments compel me to cry out against the wrong and shame of such direct support to the slaveholders' rebellion, and not less against all justifications of it, although such justifications may come from the most eminent Abolitionists of the Old World. I rejoice that the danger of war between England and America, growing out of the Trent affair, has been averted; but I still maintain that England wronged us in that matter: *first*, in not ascertaining the mind of our government on the subject before precipitating an armed force upon our borders; *second*, in requiring our answer under the virtual menace of invasion; and *third*, in demanding of our government, in the circumstances, anything more than a disavowal of any intentional disrespect to the British government and people in the seizure of Mason and Slidell, and the fullest apologies for anything irregular or discourteous (if such there had been) in the manner of the seizure.

I rejoice to believe (as I have from the first believed, and have declared) that the great mass of the British people, could their sentiments be expressed, would abhor the thought of lending aid to the slaveholders, as many English writers and speakers, and such periodicals as *Blackwood's Magazine*, have labored to induce them to do; and, in spite of H. M.'s condemnation of the "Peace Party," I must still believe that no English writers or speakers on the American War have shown a knowledge of the subject at all comparable with that of Messrs. Bright, Cobden, Forster, Hughes, George Thompson, Gen. Perronet Thompson, and others, to whom the warm thanks of our nation are due, as magnanimous and generous friends.

But I should not, Mr. Editor, have thought of saying one word again upon this unpleasant subject, had not H. M. distinctly contradicted a statement in my letter in your paper of Jan. 4th. In her letter in STANDARD of Feb. 15th, she says, "I may mention that English captains have *not* fired shotted guns to bring-to unarmed ships"—in reply to an intimation of mine to the contrary. I must, therefore, ask a little space to prove the truth of what I said, although in doing so I must expose the hasty manner in which H. M. made her assertion; and in doing so, I shall not go back to those "old days" of the seizure of American seamen from American merchant vessels by armed British cruisers, which led to the war of 1812.

"English captains have *not* fired shotted guns to bring-to unarmed ships," says H. M. Let us see.

I take the following from the correspondence between the American Department of State (Mr. Forsyth, Secretary) and Lord Palmerston, her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, as late as 1839, through the Legation of the United States at London; which correspondence may be found in House Document No. 115, of the 26th Congress, Second Session:

"*Extract from the log-book of the ship 'Susan' of Boston, April 10, 1839—Cape Frio light in sight.*

"At 7 h. 15 min. p.m., saw a vessel on the starboard bow steering to the southward; and, when on our quarter, she bore up to us, and fired a gun—the wad striking just under our stern. We *immediately* hove the maintopsail to the mast; and, while lying in that situation, hove to for her to come up with us; *she fired a shot*, which was seen and heard to hiss through the air within a few feet of the ship, and struck abreast of the starboard fore-rigging. In a few minutes she was alongside—hailed us to know who we were; answered, Susan, from Rio de Janeiro. He was then asked, "What brig is that?" and replied, the Grecian; and was then asked, "What do you mean by firing a shot into us?" His answer was, "If you don't heave to, I'll fire into you"; and was replied to, that the ship was, and had been, hove to some time. She then sent a boat," etc., etc. [I will not take your space by quoting the record of the demeanor and language of the officer, who represented the brig to be "Her Majesty's brig Grecian." The following certificate is appended:]

"CUSTOM HOUSE, BOSTON, June 27, 1839.

"I do hereby certify that the foregoing extract from the log-book of the ship Susan, now in this office, has been carefully examined with the original entry in said log-book, and found correct in all its parts.

"Given under my hand and seal of office the day and year above written.

[L. S.] "GEORGE BANCROFT, Collector.

"HON. JOHN FORSYTH, Sec'y of State, Washington."

This case was duly represented to Her Majesty's government, and Lord Palmerston directed an inquiry to be made. On page 34 of the Document above referred to is "an extract of a letter from Commander Smyth, of Her Majesty's sloop Grecian, dated December 10, 1839," etc., in which he says, "In reply to your letter of the 25th November, 1839, enclosing copies of a correspondence relative to the United States barque Susan, boarded by a boat from Her Majesty's sloop under my command, I have the honor to state," etc., * * "very soon after discovered a sail; upon which I hoisted a light, and fired a blank gun to bring her to. As far as we (the officers and myself) could distinguish, from the obscurity of the night, the vessel paid no attention to our signals. I then *ordered a shotted gun to be fired* well ahead of the vessel," etc.

What does H. M. think of her assertion? Far be it from me to characterize harshly a mistake, even in such circumstances, made by one whose long and eminent services for justice and humanity entitle her to the respect and gratitude of all good men in both hemispheres; and I cheerfully leave it to her to speak of it as it is.

I have referred to the above case of the Susan simply to meet the single point in my former letter, so baldly contradicted by H. M. I say nothing here of the errand of the "Grecian," nor of the "manners" of either party.

Sincerely hoping that the tone of your correspondent, and of all others who write on this subject, will become divested of all assumption of one party over the other,

I remain, ever yours, S. M.

Leicester, Mass., Feb. 17, 1862.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS ON THE WAR.—The announcement that Frederick Douglass would speak on the War, at the Cooper Institute, on Wednesday evening, the 12th inst., attracted a large and very intelligent audience, embracing many of the well-known friends of freedom, and not a few of the class whose prejudices would not, until very recently, have permitted them to attend an anti-slavery gathering of any sort. It was the first time for many years that we had heard a speech from Mr. Douglass, and the only time that we ever heard him deliver a written address. His manuscript appeared to embarrass him somewhat, and there was some abatement of the fire that characterized his extemporaneous efforts ten or fifteen years ago; but his matter was excellent, and his manner such as to command the close attention of his audience. The reading, moreover, was occasionally enlivened by spontaneous flashes of wit, and some passages were made very impressive by the dramatic power with which they were uttered. The audience evinced their satisfaction by frequent and hearty applause, and we heard more than one competent judge express the opinion that no more effective discourse on the war had been delivered in this city.

The lecture was published in full in *The Tribune* of the next day, and our readers will find in another column an extract embracing some of its best points. Mr. Douglass was felicitously introduced by Rev. H. H. Garnett. The branch of the Hutchinson Family lately expelled by Gen. McClellan from the camps on the Potomac being unexpectedly present, gratified the audience by singing two or three pieces—one of them "the prohibited song," and another "The John Brown hymn." Superintendent Kennedy was present with a considerable force of policemen, but there was no occasion for their services. Since *The Herald* failed so signally in its recent attempt to mob Wendell Phillips, the enemies of freedom in this city appear to have remembered the axiom that discretion is the better part of valor.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17, 1862.

THE good fight against the power which plunged this nation into the horrors of civil war, without so much as a thought for the consequences, goes on bravely at the Capital. You would feel sure of it could you have heard Dr. Cheever at the Smithsonian Institute last Friday night. It was his second lecture before the Association this winter, and it drew a fine audience, who seemed to be in full accord with the Doctor. It is strong proof of the feeling here upon this subject that so radical an anti-slavery man as Dr. Cheever can draw a full house the second time when the conditions of admittance require a fee. I need not say that the Doctor did not hide any portion of the truth. Like his sermon at the Capitol, a week ago, it was remarkable for its bold eloquence.

It may seem to some of the friends of the slave at a distance, that because both branches of Congress have agreed to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of Washington by the ridiculous performance of reading his Farewell Address before the assembled Houses, that Congress yet sticks in the old slough of pro-slavery imbecility; but such is not the case. Mr. Crittenden was exceedingly anxious that Congress should set apart the day in this manner, and to please him it was agreed to. Dr. Cheever ridiculed the proposition a week ago, and many do so now, but it is not an indication of any sentiment on the subject of slavery, one way or another, but rather of silliness. Some of the staunchest, noblest members of the House voted for it, Mr. Colfax, and Mr. Dawes, for instance.

You will have seen that Marshal Lamon is still the object of Congressional legislation. He seems determined to try his powers against Congress, and has no more respect for the people than the veriest rebel in all the South. It certainly is very singular that Mr. Lincoln should surround himself with so many strange characters. He seems to have been very unfortunate in this respect. Commissioner Wood first preyed upon the character of the Administration by his dishonest transactions here. Why *he* should be taken by the hand and given an important office connected with the District, he being a stranger here, no one can tell to this day. He went out of office in disgrace, with a Congressional censure upon him and the people's indignant voice echoing in his ears. Then a certain Watt was taken up by somebody at the White House, he being charged with disloyalty and various other offences. The last charge is that Watt betrayed Presidential secrets to the New York *Herald*. But he still remains at the White House, and was general manager at the recent grand party given by Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln. Whether he will be permitted to remain till for some further offence he will be compelled to leave, is to be seen. Another notorious character, who has found temporary shelter in the Presidential mansion, is Henry Wikoff. He has been up before the bar of the House of Representatives for refusing to tell the Judiciary Committee how he came into possession of the President's Message, before it was delivered to the newspapers in the ordinary way. After a night in a rude cell, called the guard-room of the Capitol, he changed his mind and again went before the Committee and testified that he got his information from the above-mentioned Watt. Gen. Sickles was Wikoff's counsel in the affair, he leaving his military duties to attend to the persecuted chevalier. Does it not seem strange that *so many* doubtful characters contrive to deceive the generous-hearted, confiding President?

But to go on further with the Lamon affair. After Senator Wilson had properly ventilated in the Senate the recent outrage committed at the City Jail, Marshal Lamon removed the keeper, or guard, who gave Mr. Wilson his facts. This only made his position the worse in the Senate; and the bill appointing a Warden, thus getting rid of Lamon in his connection with the jail, was speedily passed. It is said that Lamon relies upon the President to veto the bill when it shall come to him from Congress, but it is hardly probable that he would venture to oppose his veto in a matter of this kind, simply because it affects a particular friend. The Marshal will lose his control of the jail, without doubt. The speedy action of the Senate on this subject shows how much real anti-slavery feeling there is in that body. The Warden bill was introduced solely because of the outrage committed upon the person of a slave in the jail, and was passed for that reason, and no other. There is a wonderful contrast presented by this state of things with anything which has ever before been seen in this vicinity. It is a fact worth putting on record as full of promise for the future.

Senator Wilson's bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia has been slightly modified by the Senate Committee on the District. The leading points of the bill—emancipation of the slaves and very moderate compensation to the masters—seem to be satisfactory to a majority of the Republican members. Some of them, however, will zealously oppose any compensation to slaveholders within the District, on the ground that there are no loyal slaveholders here, according to the view of the people generally on this subject of the legality of slavery. If the bill passes at all during the present session, it will pass with the compensating section in. The Democratic members of Congress will oppose the measure with all their power. The members from the border slave States will join them in the opposition, but it will be ineffectual if the Republican members are a unit in support of the measure. There are indications that this will not be the case. A large number of Republicans in Congress oppose any agitation of the emancipation question, and when the emancipation bill comes up it is to be feared that they will join the Democrats and Border State men in defeating the bill. It will not be amiss for the constituents of every member of Congress to watch his course on this and kindred subjects. There are *a few* very queer men in Congress, who call themselves Republicans. They vote generally exactly as the war-Democrats do, and are not in any respect different from the Democratic members. Of course, such fellows as Vallandigham, Ben. Wood, Voorhees and Pendleton are by themselves. I do not call them Democrats, but secession-sympathizers. It would be unjust to class them with the body of Democrats in Congress. Now, take such Republicans as Diven of New York—in what respect is he better than a Democrat on *any* of the questions before Congress? There are other men of this stamp, *who will bear watching*. Let their constituents keep a sharp lookout upon their speeches and votes in Congress and be prepared to act accordingly at the next Congressional election.

The recent news of Federal victories at the South fills the Capital with joy. The general feeling, so far as I can judge, is, that we must prevent the possible recurrence of such a rebellion. And how can this be done? Of course only by disgracing and overthrowing the Slave Power. That there is *danger* of a miserable patch-up with the rebels by-and-bye it were useless to deny. The war has pressed so sorely upon the people, and politicians are so anxious to prevent further risks, that were the rebels to offer terms of peace in the Union, it is greatly to be feared that the proposition may be accepted. This is one of our dangers. Many men prefer to be half-doctored, if they can experience a temporary relief, rather than go through a thorough course of medicine and be entirely cured. So with the nation. By a thorough course towards slavery the disease which to-day prostrates the nation may be scourged from the body-politic, but if peace is prematurely declared, it will not be many years before the disease will again be upon us. There seems to be no other way than to try to enlighten Congress and the people upon this point, and await future developments.

The President is individually right on this question. He perceives the immense dangers of the future, and would strike a blow which shall make another pro-slavery rebellion upon this continent impossible. But he is surrounded by a vast number of friends—some anti-slavery, others pro-slavery. Events, too, have a controlling influence upon him. Much will depend upon the attitude of the South. If, after a few more Federal successes, the rebel leaders should fly, and the rebel soldiers should lay down their arms, there will be an end of the war without an end to slavery. But if the slavemasters of the South are determined not to acknowledge the government, through reverses as well as prosperity, then slavery and slaveholders will be destroyed together. The government is bent on extinguishing the rebellion *at whatever cost*. Everything then depends upon the rebels. If they fight "game" to the last, the slave States will be made desolate, so far as present temporal prosperity is concerned, and slavery will become a thing of the past. AVON.

The Justice of God in our National Calamities.

REMARKS OF PARKER PILLSBURY,

In the Convention at Albany, N. Y., February 7th and 8th.

Reported for THE STANDARD by HENRY M. PARKHURST.

THIS meeting, I think, is the most important this body ever held. I do not know that another like it will ever be held. Probably not. Before another winter comes round, events will doubtless have transpired essentially changing the character of this anniversary. I think the last Fourth of July was the last we shall ever celebrate in that form; and I hope this is the last meeting of this kind we shall hold. But in order that it may be the last, one of two things must transpire: either the subjugation of the North to the Slave Power, which is not impossible, or else a recognition of the rights of all men, of so sublime a character that there shall be no need certainly of calling meetings for the purpose of abolishing slavery. I do not wish to see this government prolonged another day in its present form. On the contrary, I have been for twenty years attempting to overthrow the present dynasty. I do not quite agree with some of my friends that a change has taken place which releases me from my former course of action. If I do not misjudge the Constitution, whatever may have been its real character, it was never so much an engine of cruelty and of crime as it is at the present hour. It seems to me the present Administration is, on the one hand, the *weakest*, and on the other hand the *wickedest*, we have ever had. Mr. Buchanan's Administration is under infinite obligations to it for casting its wickedness and imbecility so far into the shade.

I agree with all my friends in one particular, however we may differ in others; that the government has the constitutional power to perform an act of humanity and justice, which would release us from all further necessity for this kind of anniversary. But having the power, and it may not be too much to say the undisputed power, it seems to me that it becomes even more wicked than the South, in failing to do it. Slavery is the sin and crime of the country. The present war is a just and most fearful retribution for that crime. The North is not willing yet to repent of its sin; or to admit that this war is a retribution. And when you ask the North to let the people go, it answers, almost in the language, quite in the spirit of the ancient tyrant, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice, and let the people go?" I have no hope of any salvation to the North, until it is first convicted of its own guilt in its terrible complicity with the great sin and crime of slavery.

I am far from being satisfied that the South is the more guilty party of the two. All the superiority that is claimed on the part of the North operates, in my judgment, just so far against the North in the scale of moral responsibility. Have we the power? Then, why, in God's name, is not slavery swept away? Have we more light and knowledge? Then, why do we not act up to that light and knowledge, and repent; and arrest the most daring crime ever committed under the bright sun of heaven? Have we the majority, the wealth, the cultivation, everything that pertains to national greatness? Then is our guilt exactly proportioned to our superiority. I can attribute, therefore, only to Pharaohism or perverseness the longer continuance of slavery. It seems to me that one Edward Everett, one Southside Adams, or Dr. Lord, outweighs in guilt and moral responsibility a thousand ordinary slave-owners in the Carolinas or in Louisiana. Yet all that I can see in the North is the spirit of Pharisaism, saying to the South, "I am holier than thou."

Slavery is said to be the cause of the war. What is the cause of slavery? I remember that my first lesson in theological investigation was to prove the existence of a God; and I found the argument summed up in this: that everything must have a cause. Here is the universe; it must have a cause. That cause is God. But I told the Professor I was not satisfied with the argument, because it seemed to me an infidel would ask me if God could any more exist without a cause than a universe, and I should not know how to answer him. He drew his face down, and replied, "Ah, but God is an *uncaused being*." I said that another man might say, "Ah, but the universe is an uncaused universe." So slavery must have had a cause as well as the war. I look for that cause not in the South alone, but in the more highly cultivated North; and the North I hold responsible accordingly.

I cannot join in the congratulations I so often hear as to the hopefulness of the signs of the times. I do not want to see hopefulness. I am not rejoiced at tidings of victory to the Northern army. I would far rather see defeat. Not that I want to see our troops massacred, or to see them imprisoned; nay, Heaven and humanity forbid; but upon the same ground that a physician wisely administering medicine accepts the agonies and contortions of his patient, which are always produced by administering heroic treatment. I rejoice in defeat and disaster rather than in victory, because I do not believe the North is in any condition to improve any great success which may attend its arms. I think the Abolitionists fail sufficiently to recognize one great fact; and that is, the persistent, determined, God-defying, heaven-provoking impenitence of the North. The hatred of the colored race; the hatred of the Abolitionists; the willingness to continue the slave system; the intense desire to get back to our prosperous peddling with Great Britain and other nations, and with one another; all these are to my mind indications that we are in no condition to hear of success; that the God who judges righteously must hold us responsible for the cries and groans of the slave to-day, even beyond the immediate perpetrators of the crime of slavery upon the soil of the South. Whatever man may decree, the God of justice reigns and will reign, and we cannot compromise away any of the penalties due to violated law.

Holding these opinions, I do not desire success to the Northern army. I do not wish to see Abraham Lincoln triumph over the South in the way he has himself marked out. Mr. Seward assures us, and it is "published by authority," that "the condition of no human being is to be changed, whether the revolution succeeds or whether it fails." I say, then, let us have war; let us have all its disasters and all its defeats, if the condition of the slave is not to be changed. If that is treason, I must let the government make the most of it, and send me to Fort Warren; and if they do not treat me worse than they treat the traitors, spies and rebels there, and are as prompt to release me upon the application of my friends, my condition will not be very greatly to be deplored (laughter).

It is said by some philosophers to be more natural to laugh than to weep. Certainly it is more pleasant. But it is of no use to overlook the true condition of the country; and let us not undertake, in the old Hebrew language, "to heal the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly." God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. In the history of the Jews at the time of their captivity, I find a marvellous analogy to the condition of our country to-day. I find a Seward and a Lincoln; boasting Churches and false prophets; and Garrisons, too, and Cheevers, among the historic men of that day. The popular men of that period are pretty much mixed up with the mould and waste of the past, and there is little of them left. But there were prophets who were true to their time; whose writings have come down to us; and I take my stand by the side of those old Hebrews, Isaiah and Jeremiah, and I would call for justice, as Isaiah complained that none did then call for justice.

Jeff. Davis is not to-day the foe most to be feared. It is the Jehovah of Hosts against whom this government is contending; and it is determined to carry on the battle against that terrible foe! If Gen. Fremont will not act with it, Gen. Fremont must be disgraced and removed; while the basest, most truculent spirits of slavery are exalted to posts of honor and power. Our work as Abolitionists is plain work. I do not see that it is changed. It is not numbers that we want in order to succeed. Christianity was never more triumphant than when it was incorporated in one person, and He nailed to the cross. The virtue of the victim set the cross on fire, and it became a beacon-light to illumine the generations. And if the anti-slavery cause to-day were incorporated in the person of but one individual, and he doomed to the fate of John Brown, its glorious triumph would be no less assured. I hope we shall not mistake our calling. Government is mistaken; but we should not be. Congress is evidently blind as moles and bats; but we should not be. The Church and the ministry of our land are as blind as the government, but we should not be; else, if the blind undertake to lead the blind, of course we will fall into the ditch together. Until this government makes atonement for the injustice done the slave and his race, the injustice done to Fremont, the injustice done to the anti-slavery cause, I shall hold it the enemy of liberty, and of course the enemy of God. For one, I am not disposed to be identified with it. Rather let me die the death of the righteous.

I said the Church is as blind as the rest. The pulpit to-day knows nothing of the demands of the law of God. George B. Cheever seems almost alone to remain. At any rate, I know of no other pulpit-occupant worthy to stand by his side. Somebody asked me the other day, "Won't they not soon be arraigning Dr. Cheever before the Consociations?" I said, perhaps they might; but it seemed to me quite time that the Consociations were arraigned before Dr. Cheever. We have all sinned, North and South. The Church might have known it, must have known it; but the Church does not call the government to repentance. It has been giving the country a religion of so monstrous a character, that to-day it is in the field butchering the same brethren with whom last year it was in Christian fellowship and communion. It is all the same to the Northern pulpit and the Northern Church, whether they break the sacramental roll with their Southern brethren, or dash out their brains with the butt end of their muskets. The Church and the clergy pray for good luck on both occasions alike, and in both armies alike.

Last year, we were endeavoring to sever the connection between the North and South. Last January, upon the first Sunday of the year, the whole Church of the land met, as is its wont, at the sacramental table, in full fellowship, North and South, claiming kindred under one Lord, one faith, and one baptism. The Abolitionists protested against it, demanding of the North that it separate itself from the cup of devils; that it come out from such a synagogue of Satan, and wash its garments clean of the blood of the slave. The North would not hearken. The North despised us and our warning; trampled upon our testimony, and rushed to the sacramental feast; the South joining in the solemn sacramental supper. But God saw it; heard our testimony, too, I trust. And he said, or seemed to say, "Yet a little while longer, and I will arise and make bare my own arm." In six months, or a little more, from that day, on a summer Sunday, in the following July, the Almighty did arise in the majesty of his might, and seizing the Church of the North as in his right hand, and the Church of the South in his left hand, at Manassas Junction he dashed them together, and gave them their last sacrament in each other's blood.

And yet, to-day, the Church of the North does not seem to know that in that hour she was abandoned of God. But we know it. If we know the works and ways of God, we know that a Church, any Church, that can thus eat the communion bread upon one Sabbath, and go to butchering each other with bayonets and bombshells on the next, must be an abomination in His sight. Yet that is the Church of this land; and the government of the country is what might be expected from such a religion. The law and the government of God are set at naught, nay, defied.

It seems to me that it is for us most emphatically, in this hour, to distinguish between him who knows and endeavors to keep the law of God, and him who sets it at defiance. I come here for the purpose of vindicating what seem to me to be the doctrines of the Most High. I have no faith, no hope, in any victory, in any success, until the North is first made conscious of its sin. When it is, repentance, reform, atonement, justice done, will be the first fruits of that knowledge. When that comes, when we shall learn to recognize the difference between human constitutions and unions and the demands of God's law, then there will be hope. Until that time, I look for nothing, I can hope for nothing, but defeat. It is certainly better that the penalty due to crime be executed, no matter what becomes of the criminal; better for him—better for all. Bitter, fearful, direful as the consequences of sin may be, it is better that those consequences be visited upon us, and that the North, the State and the Church, should come into the knowledge and acknowledgment of these high and holy doctrines and demands. Then, and not before, shall I feel that the time has come for us to take or to preach hope and encouragement.

I wish to correct the misapprehension of the clerical gentleman who followed me. He said I had assailed the Church of Christ. His Church of Christ, it may be. I do not know that it is his prerogative to decide for me what constitutes the Church of Christ. I see certain men eating the communion bread and drinking the sacramental wine. Six months afterwards I see those same men with rifle, cannon and columbiad, endeavoring to destroy as many of each other as they possibly can. If that is the Church of Christ, then I plead guilty to the charge of my friend. I spoke of Dr. Cheever as a worthy preacher of the gospel of truth. I did not say how many more were worthy; but I only knew Dr. Cheever. Outside of the popular Church, I know several others; my friend, Beriah Green, before me, for one; and I could name a few in my native State, Massachusetts. But the general statement will defy all criticism, that what is regarded as the American Church and the American pulpit, is to-day in deadly hostility, North against South. We, the Abolitionists, never asked the Church of the North to mob or harm the Church of the South. The Abolitionists never mobbed anybody, or countenanced the mobbing of anybody. I never heard of such a thing as a mobocratic Abolitionist. We simply asked her to come out from a fellowship and sacramental communion with the traffickers in slaves, in the bodies and souls of men; with brethren who bought and sold the image of God in the market, whose sacramental vessels were bought with the blood of the slave-mother's

from mobs, were by the aid of the Democratic Mayor of this city at our last annual meeting, and of a Democratic magistrate in the State of Iowa. From the beginning of the winter campaign until the inauguration of President Lincoln (if that event can with any sort of propriety be said to have yet transpired), was a succession of mobs of Republican manufacture or of Republican maintenance. Mob law reigned until Abraham Lincoln was compelled to flee upon the underground railroad from Harrisburg to Washington, to escape its violence; and the mob has ruled him and his Administration from that hour to this. Jeff. Davis has more power, to-day, in New York and New England, than Abraham Lincoln and all his Cabinet, and all his army. He has more power by far than he could have had, if he had been regularly elected and regularly installed in the Presidential chair. He has but to speak, and it is done. He has but to command, and the very army stands fast. They tell of the clay mud of the Virginia roads. I tell you that a deeper and more impenetrable mud than that prevents the advance of our armies upon the seceded banditti of the South.

You have convicted I know not how many men of being spies and traitors. You have even had Mason and Slidell in custody. You have convicted seventeen men, in this State, of the most high-handed piracy. Yet those men are just as safe from harm, in the bosom of Abraham Lincoln's Administration, as if they were safe smuggled in the bosom of the patriarch Abraham in the kingdom of heaven. You dare not hurt a hair of their heads. At this very moment you have 700,000 men in arms; and yet the South laughs at your pretensions. Her ragged ruffians are, perhaps, scarcely one to your five; and yet, in the hands of Jeff. Davis, they are, to this hour, omnipotent to control the destinies of this nation. John Brown, and his twenty white men, and two or three black men, at Harper's Ferry, were more a terror to all the South, than Gen. McClellan with his myriads of men (applause). And why? Because the South knew full well that he had a purpose; an almighty, a divine purpose; and your government has not; that, though Abraham Lincoln is nominally President of the United States, she herself holds the sceptre of almost supreme dominion. What gave John Brown such omnipotence, and such omnipresence, too, all through the South? Simply this, that every tyrant had a John Brown in his own bosom, against whom he could not fight. It is conscience that makes cowards of us all. We are arrayed against the Almighty, and therefore it is that we cannot prevail.

One of the resolutions of Mr. Garrison affirms that the government has now the constitutional power to do a righteous action. Some of our friends believed that it had the power before. Gerrit Smith has always believed that the government had the power to abolish slavery under the Constitution. I have not so believed. But now the government has undeniably the power; and it lacks the other more important thing—the disposition. We are a nation of atheists, governed by a President and Cabinet of downright practical atheists. The National Assembly of France, in the days of Robespierre, it is said, voted God from his throne. But we have done worse than they; for they enshrined Reason as God instead, at any rate, and, in obedience to it, began their new government by striking every fetter from every slave throughout the French dominions. The Abolitionists of this country have been branded for the last thirty years as atheists; but I fear we are the only men who believe in the Divine existence or the Divine government. Are not the President and his Cabinet, to-day, at the head of this nation, defying the God of Heaven? Moses [turning to Mr. Garrison] demands that he let the people go; and in the true spirit of his illustrious predecessor of four thousand years ago, the President answers, Who is the Lord, that I should obey Him?

We were told, yesterday, that the mass of the people could not comprehend our friend, President Green, when he was simply carrying principles and laws which everybody recognizes in material things up into the region of conscience and the higher law. Men are loyal to the laws of the material universe as soon and as far as they know them. The agriculturist, the mechanic, the engineer, the navigator, every one who employs the great forces of nature, respects the laws and keeps them. Whosoever shall keep the whole law of the steam-engine, and yet offend in one point, soon finds that he is guilty of all, in the explosion that scatters his engine and the fragments of his own mutilated body in every direction. Our friend Green was endeavoring to lead men up into the region of conscience and the moral laws of the universe; and was insisting upon the same loyalty and obedience there. The great difficulty with our government officers is, that they are unwilling to believe in a God whose laws are the same, whether they pertain to a grain of shifting sand on a distant shore, or the whirling of the celestial orbs in infinite space, or throb in the breasts of cherubim and seraphim before the eternal throne. If we could but know and feel that the law of God is one and the same, whether it pertains to matter or to mind, to the material world or the region of universal conscience and moral being, that wisdom, that grace controlling our actions would be our present and everlasting salvation.

But the people perish for lack of knowledge. Forty thousand pulpits have not yet taught them the first lessons in the government of God. We prefer to be wrestling with the dragon of secession in the South. John Brown, like a mighty angel, came down as from heaven, and if the powers would have permitted, would have bound that dragon for a thousand millennial years and forever! You seized that first, grandest hero of the nineteenth century, and hung him upon a cross; the sublimest as well as saddest spectacle since the scene upon Calvary, that veiled the very heavens in sackcloth and darkness. John Brown taught us the way; but the people would not learn. He came, the very God made flesh, and pointed the road, but the people and the government would not walk therein. He was, almost literally, the way and the truth, and he would have been the life, but the nation was not worthy. I sometimes think that, on that fearful morning, the 2d of December, 1859, as he bowed his head and gave up the ghost, that the recording angel wrote in the ledgers of heaven, of this nation: "It is finished." From that hour to this, disaster and distress have followed us, and we are wildly, madly pursuing the same career which has destroyed so many nations in the past. I almost hear, to-day, coming up from the abyss of the dark eternities below, the voices of Nineveh and Babylon, of all those long-since buried empires, fallen beneath their own crimes, cruelties and oppressions, screaming in our ears the lamentation of the Hebrew minstrel, "Oh Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou, too, fallen, and become like unto us!"

Mr. Garrison says, "The war is upon us; and it is because there is a God." When he made that remark, I thought that should be my text, if I should speak to-night. The Abolitionists have always believed it. Other people in the country have not been so ready to believe. They have professed belief, but they have not really believed. There is always, in every country—and in all past time I think it is true—a class of men, greater or smaller in number, as the case may happen to be, who believe interiorly, with the whole heart and soul, in the Divine existence and government. They preach, in accordance with that belief. They act in accordance with that belief. They endeavor to illustrate that important article of their faith, in all they say and do. Thirty years ago, the anti-slavery enterprize demanded the liberation of the slaves, in the name of humanity, and in accordance with the law of the ever-living God. That was the whole gospel of anti-slavery, and until this hour it has been the whole gospel of anti-slavery. Men have not believed that there was a God who hearkened to the cry of the oppressed. Now he is vindicating his own character and government; visiting our nation with the severest judgments, and endeavoring by this, his last manifestation, the very last with which he ever addresses or approaches any people, to rescue and save this guilty nation from deserved destruction. The remaining work of the Abolitionists is to assert that great truth. We have no other truth to proclaim. Argument has ceased with us. God is here now in righteous judgments; and it is for us to declare this, and to vindicate them. If the people will hearken, well; if not, then the consequences must inevitably be visited upon themselves.

Yesterday, President Green, in some remarks, vindicated the demands of the higher law in the highest and divinest sense of those demands. I was glad of his, to me, most instructive, nay, more, most sublime utterance of the sublimest truths in the whole gospel of God. The trouble with the North is, that it does not recognize the hand of God in this visitation. You want to hear of glorious victories; crushing out the rebellion; the stars and stripes, rebel Southerners seized, imprisoned, and hung, or whatever you think they deserve. The South deserves all this. But does the South deserve it at our hands? Who are we of the North, that we should attempt to execute the judgments of the Most High on our Southern fellow-sinners? Might we not say, to-day, in the language of one of England's proudest poets?—

> "Let not this weak unknowing hand
> Presume thy bolts to throw,
> And deal damnation round the land
> On each I judge thy foe."

Once there was a man travelling up and down, preaching righteousness to the people. He was in the midst of men who fancied they were righteous while they despised others; and they brought into his presence a sinner, taken in a crime, and informed him what their law demanded, namely, that such should be stoned. His ruling was, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." What did he mean by that? Simply this, I suppose: if you judge others, and visit judgments upon others, be sure you do it with clean hands.

Now, this war is upon us. It is upon us because there is a God, as Mr. Garrison well said. But if we properly and duly consider this one fact, that slavery is the cause of the war, we shall see that there is also a cause of slavery. And what is that cause? Who instituted it and planted it in the Constitution of the country? Who has protected it by solemn guaranties, from that hour to the present? Who has enacted and executed Fugitive Slave laws, from 1793 down to 1850? Who has repealed the Missouri Compromise in behalf of slavery? Who has purchased Louisiana and Florida and conquered Texas at its bidding? Who has elected the Presidents? Who has appointed the Judges of the Supreme Court? Who has executed the Fugitive Slave law for the last ten months? Who has interpreted the Bible? Who has found justification for slave-breeders and slave-traders in both the Old Testament and the New; in patriarchal example, in prophetic approval, in diviner sanction still, by the silence of Christ, and as a climax of the argument, the sending back by the apostle Paul of a fugitive slave to his master? Who has done all this?—because, it seems to me, the answer to these questions is the answer to the other question, Who are the cause of slavery? So that, when I examine the subject in the light of the highest truth I can discover or comprehend, I have to go back to the North, and lay the guilt of this monstrous system at the door of the Northern people, Northern Churches and Northern pulpits. Verily, ye are the men.

Suppose there were fifty persons somewhere in your vicinity, instituting and carrying on, from year to year, a system of high-handed robbery and burglary; carrying on their plundering operations in every part of New York and New England, extending their depredations to Canada and the West, or wherever plunder might be found. And suppose, some morning, twenty-five of them should awake and find that the other twenty-five in the course of the night had stolen the horses, saddles bridles, powder, pistols, and all the furniture of the whole establishment, and had made off to parts unknown. Suppose that they should say, "We must get hold of the fleetest horses we can steal from the nearest stables, and ride at the top of their speed, until we overtake those brethren of ours, and we must, if possible, win them back, and if not, drive them back into the confederation." They go out and overtake them and say, "Come back, come back, we always thought that there was honor among thieves, if nowhere else. You have stolen the property and made off with it, and set up on your own account. Were we not doing a prosperous and glorious business? Were we not making ourselves rich and powerful? And with our money have we not always been benevolent and philanthropic? Nay, more, were we not spreading the gospel, converting the heathen, and rapidly millennializing the world? Were we not endowing orphan and insane asylums, founding theological seminaries, building churches and hospitals for the poor, and filling the whole world with the grandeur and glory of our achievements? And here you have upset it all, by stealing our horses, and bridles, and saddles, and powder, and pistols, and gone off and set up on your own account. Did not our fathers set us up in business? Did not they steal 500,000 horses to begin with? Have not we multiplied seven or eight fold in capital? Were we not paying enormous dividends upon our stock in trade? And now, like fools and knaves and villains almost, you have broken everything all up. Here we are, all flat, and nothing can be done. The hopes of the world, the millennial prospects and desires and anticipations of the whole Church of Christendom are blasted and disappointed. Repent of your folly, and canter back in the quickest possible time; and let us join hands again, and proceed as before with our business."

Some of you look up to me as though you understood my illustration. I think myself it goes pretty nearly on all fours, and I will not carry it any farther. This is, to be sure, a somewhat lively view of what, after all, I regard as the most sublime spectacle of iniquity the history of mankind ever exhibited. We framed our government in injustice. We built up our temple on crime and cruelty. Perhaps our fathers thought they were doing well. There is this defence at least to be made for them. They had just escaped from the power of the British government, and almost all Europe was combined against them to crush the upspringing spirit of freedom in the western hemisphere. To make a Union, even though slavery were an element, seemed to them necessary, at least for a time; though expecting that all the States would ultimately, as your State of New York and some others have done, at the earliest possible period, sweep that system of abominations away forever. That is their best defence; and perhaps it is defence enough; for I do not believe that New York or New England had any members in the Convention that framed the Constitution of the United States, who loved slavery for its own sake, or who intended that slavery should be perpetual in the country. No, my friends, let us take a brighter and better view of the subject, and believe that in their distress, in their extremity, they built up the best government they could. But let us remember that they laid their foundations upon the hearts, and the hopes, the bodies and the spirits of immortal beings.

Missionaries come home and tell us of a heathen pagoda in the East, of seventy proud columns, every column resting upon a human skull, the skull of a victim offered at its base when the fabric was reared. Our fathers laid their foundations, not upon seventy but upon half a million crushed immortal spirits, and half a million bodies framed by the hand of God. There was the terrible injustice and oppression. And all the time, we are assured that our government was based upon compromises, and must consequently be carried on by compromises. Compromise is a beautiful word in the right place. I have seen it when it looked well, even in the newspaper. But when applied to American politics I see no beauty or comeliness in it. Compromise is good in its place. I saw a gardener pulling up beautiful flowers, and throwing them away. I asked him why he did so. "Why," says he, "they are weeds." "But," said I, "those are beautiful flowers." "Yes," said he, "but everything is a weed, out of its place." Compromise out of its place is always a weed, may be poisonous, deadly, to whatever government it may chance to belong.

Two men may try to adjust a dispute by compromise, in settling the boundaries of their land. One may say to the other, "Set this stake here, and that one there, and we shall have a better line of division; it will make your wood-lot better there, and it will bring water into my pasture here, and we shall both be benefitted; and that will adjust our trouble." "Very well," says the other, "I am glad you thought of it; for it will benefit us and our children after us." Thus they compromise the matter, and settle it. But suppose the second man says, "No; I have another compromise to propose. There is a poor fellow with land next to ours, and if we take off a strip of that and annex it, it will give you water in your pasture, and give me a good wood-lot. So let us stretch our boundary line two rods over into his land. He is a poor fellow and has no friends, no money, no nothing, and cannot help himself; everybody hates him, and we shall both be benefitted by that, and get just what we both need." What kind of a compromise is that? Is there any beauty or comeliness in the word there? Is it not rather a blasphemy against the holy spirit of truth and justice, thus to trample upon the rights of the helpless poor?

Now, what did your fathers do? They seized half a million immortal beings, poor, friendless, hated, despised, down-trodden, and they compromised them and their children after them forever, not for their benefit, but for the benefit of the nation that thus despised and oppressed them. There is where our difficulty is. O there is a God in heaven, who remembers, who can never forget, the cries of the suffering, friendless poor! There is our grand difficulty at this hour, and I know no hope for us while we are thus fighting, not against Jeff. Davis, but against the God of heaven and earth. How can we prosper? I do not care if you multiply your soldiers tenfold more, and take half your ministers and make chaplains of them to pray in concert for victory; it will avail nothing. There is but one triumph; and that is the triumph of justice; the triumph of truth.

What was one of the divinest and yet saddest lamentations of the ancient Hebrew poet? If I were a minister, I think I would take those words for my text for a whole summerfull of Sundays—"*None calleth for justice.*" Sometimes I have a good mind to go back into the pulpit, just to let the people know that one truth, that there is a God who loves justice; for the pulpits seem to know nothing of Him. Why is it that the people, to-day, grope in darkness, seeing no light? Why is it that we are, to-day, held in the iron grasp, so to speak, of the Slave Power at the South? Our friend, Mr. Garrison, asked us, "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook?" No; you have tried it. But if you hold on to your line of connection, the Leviathan will draw you in, instead, and drown you forever (applause).

My only ground of discouragement is, not that the people are not all right at heart; because I do not believe in the doctrine of total depravity. I know the pulpits have preached it a good while, judging mankind, I suppose, by themselves. But I do not believe in that doctrine. All I want is to get at the young, unsophisticated mind and soul of the people, and pour into that soul the divine truths of the eternal God; and I will be accountable for any slavery that will survive after that. It is because none calleth for justice that we are today struggling with a power too mean and despicable for our steel; too dastardly a foe for us to fight, only that we also are in the same condemnation and degradation.

What is the South? I do not believe in the mighty armies of Beauregard, with which the newspapers terrify the old ladies in pantaloons, up and down New England and New York. How was it that Munson Heights were taken? We were told what a mighty army invested that field; but by some strange circumstance, when we managed to pluck up courage enough to march there, behold there was no army and had not been for twenty-four hours, nor a single gun except those made of logs of wood painted to resemble cannon. Half the armies of the South are myths. Give me one John Brown, with ten thousand such men as he led to Harper's Ferry, and I will plant the stars and stripes in every city in all the South (applause). It is all a lie—this talk about the power and pluck of the South. I do not believe in it. Our difficulty is that we dare not take the South at her word. While she strikes for slavery, we dare not parry her thrust, and strike for freedom. When we do that, there is no doubt upon which side victory will smile. How is it now? We have been told how many men the South had, what immense armies, arsenals, what military resources, what prowess, what courage, and all that. We have something. We are told that we have 700,000 men in arms, or in preparation for war. We voted $500,000,000 last July in Congress, and have expended most of it. Our national debt at the end of January was $400,000,000. Our army is in the field. Thirty or forty thousand of them have been slain in battle, or died by disease or accident. Ten months have passed away; and what is the record? That, with all our men and money, the States of Maryland, Missouri and Kentucky, though more than half loyal, as we are told, to the national flag—that those three States are not yet conquered. Has it ever occurred to you to ask the reason why? I have no difficulty in finding the answer; and it seems to me to be this: that we are not striking at the foe. We are rather defending the foe. John C Fremont sought to strike the foe; but John C. Fremont is no longer in command. John Brown taught us the way; but we crucified John Brown, as the old Hebrew nation, eighteen hundred years ago, crucified their leader and Lord. We are here, to-day, shivering, shaking before that mean, miserable foe, when, had we but the courage to strike its vital, vulnerable point, victory would inevitably be ours.

You remember the old fable of the ancient Greek. When he was born it was told to his mother that if she would baptize him immediately in the Styx, he would become invulnerable. So they hurried him away and bathed him in the Styx; but the nurse held him by the heel, and that was not wet with the water. He grew up the mightiest warrior in Greece; but in an evil hour an arrow was aimed at the vulnerable spot, that unbaptized heel, and Achilles fell to rise no more. The South has a vulnerable spot; but we have no archer who dares to aim his arrow there. And so we are conquered; we are baffled and balked of victory. Richmond sleeps quietly to-day with no army of importance to protect it. But Abraham Lincoln, I am afraid, has bad dreams; and I am told that William H. Seward has sometimes very bad dreams, with 200,000 armed men waiting at his call.

Mr. Chairman, we forget that there is a God; that there is such a thing as justice towards the slave. Instead of washing our hands of the iniquity, instead of proclaiming liberty to the captive, we are trembling before the tyrant. You have plenty of brave men. There is no lack there. There is no want of patriotism upon the part of the people. Our only want is—the man for the hour. We need but a Garribaldi, a Mazzini, a Kossuth, and victory would soon perch upon our banners. But, alas, we have none. Inasmuch as there is a God, inasmuch as righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne, why is it that our forty thousand pulpits have not furnished the men to warn the people in the name of the God of justice of the calamity that has now come upon us? There seems now to be no special difference between the Church and the pulpit. The Church for twenty years has disregarded the claims of God.

And the religion of the country, like the government, is founded in compromise. Eternal, immutable principle has no place in it. Slavery not only interprets the Constitution, but it explains and expounds the Bible. What the law makes property is property, in Church as well as State. The law of God, the demands of nature, the claims of justice are all set aside, at its behest. So it is ruled in the State, taught in the School, and held in the Church. The Church gives us a "Dr. Southside Adams," to teach us that "while the Constitution is in force all appeal to any higher law is fanaticism." The School and the Church gave us a Daniel Webster, who, in his memorable seventh of March speech, which spoke the Fugitive Slave law into life and being, said with sneer and scorn and scoff, "it is of no use for us to reënact the laws of God." As if woe and destruction were not the inevitable doom of any people who dare enact any other than the laws of God. At the door of our forty thousand pulpits the responsibility of all this blindness and infatuation must be laid. The priest have not taught the people knowledge.

And the religion inculcated at home we send also abroad. The Foreign Missionary Board has so far millennialized the Cherokee and Choctaw Indian tribes, that it has now transferred them to the Home Mission Society, to be aided as they need it, like the feeble Churches of Ohio and other parts of the great West. They were pronounced Christian, as nations, and so not included longer in the field of foreign or heathen operation. And the American Board triumphantly handed them up into Christendom as among the first trophies of its faithfulness and success. But the Indian had learned what he knew not before, that he could hold property in his fellow-man. And this very day I read in the newspaper how many thousands of warriors those very tribes are furnishing the Southern army, to carry on a fratricidal, parricidal war in support of slavery's bloody throne! returning with spear and scalping knife to butcher the very saints, society and Church, from whence came their civilization, their baptisms and their sacraments.

Such is our religion at home. So is it also "made easy for the heathen."

Under such delusions the North lives, moves, and fights to-day. It hates the slave; it hates all his race for their color and condition; it hates no less their friends who have, for more than thirty years, been contending earnestly for their equal rights under all laws, human and divine. Can we prosper? Never, while God holds his throne and power. To-day His arm is made bare for justice. To-day the judgment is set for this nation, and the books are opened. The South deserves a whelming destruction, but not from us. For wrongs done to humanity, to the slave in his generations, the North is no less guilty than the South—and the North is not yet repenting; is not convicted of its sin. To shoot down its Southern fellow-sinners is no atonement to the slave or to his race. Let him that is without sin fire the first columbiad, is a judgment that should strip our officers of their uniform, and clothe them in the sackcloth of repentance. It should send our government, army and people, Church, pulpit and all, down into the dust of humiliation, penitence and prayer.

Once a divine man went in to dine at a lordly table. And in recognition of the high quality of his guest, the proprietor stood up and said, "behold the half of my goods I give to feed the poor, and if I have taken any thing from any man unjustly, I restore him four fold." Immediately, from sanctified lips, came the heavenly applaud, "this day is salvation come to this house."

And all the gospel was there. Let us learn to do justice, and to restore, at least, as far as we may, one fold, if no more, as justice, not as a "military necessity," to those we have robbed and peeled so long. Never, never before, while God and Nature live and reign, can we expect or hope for success and salvation.

LETTER FROM AARON M. POWELL.

GHENT, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WHILE Michigan, as a State, has taken the lead, calling upon the Federal government to abolish slavery, New York remains silent. Though the Legislature has been several weeks in session at Albany, next to nothing has, as yet, been said or done, either in the Senate or Assembly, looking to or encouraging the removal of slavery as the prolific fountain and cause of our present difficulties. This State, more than any other, shares the responsibilities of the war, and should have a voice in its conduct. That voice should be emphatic for immediate, unconditional emancipation. The friends of freedom throughout the State should lose no time in calling upon the Legislature, through petitions, to speak out, and to speak earnestly, for emancipation. Such expressions from the Northern State Legislatures at this time would be most opportune.

You will, doubtless, submit to your readers a suitable form of petition for circulation. The labor of obtaining signatures will fall mainly upon Abolitionists, familiar, by long service, with such work. Let this be done faithfully in all parts of the State, and soon thousands of voices shall be heard at the State Capitol, reëchoed at Washington, saying to the Federal authorities, "Break every yoke, let the oppressed go free!"

AARON M. POWELL.

PETITION TO THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

We give below a form of Petition to the Legislature of the State of New York, which we hope will at once be put in active circulation, and returned to Albany with thousands of signatures. There is no time to be lost.

To the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

The undersigned, citizens and inhabitants of State of New York, believing SLAVERY to be the great cause of our present national calamities, earnestly desire you to instruct the Senators and request the Representatives in Congress, from this State, to immediately institute measures for the abolition of slavery under the War Power.

Voters. *Other Persons.*

DR. CHEEVER'S INVITATION TO WASHINGTON.

THE following correspondence will show upon whose invitation Dr. Cheever has lately been in Washington.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., January 20, 1862.

REV. GEO. B. CHEEVER, D.D.—*Dear Sir:* The undersigned, Senators and Representatives in Congress, respectfully ask you to visit this city, and preach in the Hall of the House of Representatives, or some other hall, two or three successive Sabbaths.

Respectfully yours,

J. M. Ashley,	John P. Verree,
C. B. Sedgwick,	Sam'l S. Blair,
Jas. Harlan,	L. G. Spaulding,
Charles Sumner,	F. W. Kellogg,
S. C. Pomeroy,	Thomas D. Eliot,
S. Elgerton,	L. S. Morrill,
H. G. Blake,	A. A. Burnham
John Hutchins,	L. M. Morrill,
Cyrus Aldrich,	Jas. B. McKean,
J. P. C. Shanks,	Henry Wilson,
H. L. Dawes,	Preston King,
Owen Lovejoy,	M. Wilkinson,
A. S. White,	John P. Hale,
R. Conkling,	David Wilmot,
S. N. Sherman,	James W. Grimes,
Thos. M. Edwards,	Sam'l C. Fessenden,
	G. W. Julian.

NEW YORK, January 27, 1862.

Hon. Messrs. Ashley, Sedgwick, Harlan, Sumner, Pomeroy, and others, members of Congress of the United States.

GENTLEMEN: I am grateful for the kindness of your invitation to preach in Washington, and shall esteem it an honor and a privilege to avail myself of such an opportunity of presenting, as I may be enabled, the truth of God in behalf of our beloved country, and against the slavery, rebellion, and treason, that threaten its destruction.

Most respectfully, yours, GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

Dr. Cheever, in compliance with the above requisition, preached once in the Capitol and once in the Unitarian Church, besides delivering a second lecture in the Smithsonian Institute. His audience on each occasion filled to its utmost capacity the place where he spoke.

OBITUARY.

DIED, on Sunday, January 26th, 1862, at her residence in North Bloomfield, Trumbull County, O., Mrs. MARY BUCKINGHAM BROWN, aged 74 years

The deceased was born in Windham, Connecticut, Aug. 27th, 1787, her maiden name being Mary Buckingham Huntington. She was married to Ephraim Brown, in Westmoreland, N. H., A.D. 1806. The family moved to North Bloomfield, in 1815, where Mrs. B. resided till the time of her death. She was a woman possessing the highest and purest qualities of head and heart, and beloved and respected during all the years of her long and well spent life, by all who knew her. Possessing a well-balanced and vigorous mind, she united thereto a kindliness of feeling and comprehensive benevolence wide as humanity itself; and never during her life came up to her the cry of the needy and oppressed unheard or unheeded. To these distinguished natural gifts were added the charm of a high and refined cultivation, insomuch that few indeed could rival her in the acquirements of knowledge and taste. The remarkable powers of her mind continued up to the time of her death unimpaired, and never did the high sentiments of the philanthropist and the patriot cease to animate her noble heart, till its pulses were stilled by the cold hand of Death.

The loss of such a woman is a loss to the world—a loss to all the good and noble, and to every good and noble cause; but to her family and those who were bound to her by the intimate ties of friendship and tender regard, it is one never to be forgotten while the remembrances of all that is gentle and holy in the heart's best affections lives to remind them of one around whose daily life those affections bloomed in a loveliness exalted by the influence of a soul at once the most beautiful, tender and true. Over the sacred sorrows of those, the bereaved ones, let us drop the veil of reverential silence; while we bow before the sublimest of all the spectacles of earth, when, called by the beneficent but inscrutable Creator of all, the soul of the good and just lays calmly aside the garments of mortality, and turns to the untried glories and mysteries of the Spirit world,

> "Like one
> Who wraps the draperies of his couch around him,
> And lies down to pleasant dreams."

In Ferrisburgh, Vermont, Second month 3d, in the 63d year of her age, RACHEL ROBINSON, wife of Rowland T. Robinson. She will be remembered with interest and affection by anti-slavery lecturers and other friends of the slave, who enjoyed the hospitality of her house in the early periods of the cause, as well as by a numerous circle of friends who loved her warmly for her many virtues. For twelve years before her death she suffered intensely from disorders which baffled all medical skill; but during all this period she was unremitting in her efforts to promote the happiness of those around her. Her husband and children will receive the sympathy which their bereavement is so well fitted to excite.

In New York, 14 Feb., 1862, AMZI C. SEMPLE, formerly of Cincinnati, aged 61. He was a man of more than ordinary intellect, and for many years a devoted Abolitionist. He held a high place in the esteem of those who knew him, and his departure will be widely and sincerely lamented.

MEETINGS IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY.—We invite the attention of those concerned to Mr. Powell's advertisement, in another column, of meetings soon to be held in Westchester County. Mr. Powell is too well-known as an earnest, clear-sighted and able advocate of freedom to need commendation from us. Let his meetings be crowded.

THE REBELLION RECORD.—The last monthly part (12) of the second volume of *The Rebellion Record* has just been issued. It contains two admirable steel engravings of Brigadier-Generals McCall and Burnside, and closes with a complete index and table of contents. The third volume will bring the record of our affairs up to the 25th of January.

The thirteenth monthly part, or the first four numbers of the third volume, will contain full official reports of the capture of the forts at Hatteras Inlet, with a map of the coast of North Carolina; the battle of Carnifax Ferry, with a map prepared by General Benham: Capture of Colonel Mulligan by the Rebels: Attack on Fort Pickens, with map prepared for the Coast Survey; Battle of Ball's Bluff, Va.: Bombardment of Port Royal, with two maps and all the official reports, narratives, and incidents; the Capture of Mason and Slidell, together with the official reports and the various accounts of the affair, *pro* and *con*. Cloth covers for binding either volume may be ordered through any booksellers.

MARSHAL LAMON'S VILLANY.—Senator Wilson, in introducing a bill providing for the appointment of a Warden to supersede Marshal Lamon in the oversight of the Washington jail, made this statement:

"Some days ago the Secretary of State had given an order, the object of which was to clear the jail of all persons held there under the charge of being fugitive slaves. That order was received at that jail, and, of course, with a disposition to evade it, because it was well known that the jail was under the control of the Marshal of the District, and under the superintendency of a negro-thief named Wise. In evading this order of the Seretary of State, a person in the jail owned by a man named Chapman, of Charles County, Maryland, who was a secessionist, had been taken out, and let down from the jail nearly 50 feet, but he fell, and was taken by the guards of the jail, and a loaded revolver was placed at his breast. He told them to shoot, as he would rather die than go back to his master. He was put in a dungeon, then his hands were tied around a barrel, and he was flogged, as they call it, and yesterday morning, at 5 o'clock, he was taken to the slave-pen at Baltimore. He (Wilson) wanted it understood by the country and the people, that these crimes against humanity were committed by this negro-thief; that these men control that jail, and that by our votes we are responsible for their acts before the nation, and before God. He (Wilson) wanted to wash his hands and denounce these crimes, and take this jail from the care of Marshal Lamon and his negro-catching creatures, and put it in the hands of a Warden."

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH passed through New York, a few days since, on his way home from a lecturing tour in Eastern Pennsylvania. We are sorry to have missed the opportunity of seeing him, and hearing from his own lips a report of his labors and successes in a field for whose moral enlightenment he did so much in former years, and where he will be always remembered in love for his works' sake. If we may judge from a sketch of one of his lectures in *The Chester County Times*, he did not fail rightly to divide the word of truth to those in that region who gave him a hearing. He is reported as saying that he did not like that, while the Administration was in Washington, the seat of government should be at Frankfort, Ky. He liked to see the brains in the skull, not under the toe-nails!

Chronicles of the War.

The Burnside Expedition.

The report mentioned last week of the capture of Roanoke Island by the Burnside Expedition is confirmed. The killed on our side number only 42, the wounded about 140. The fight was well directed and brave on the part of both the land and naval forces. The Hawkins Zouaves particularly distinguished themselves. The rebel fleet under Lynch was almost annihilated. The capture of Roanoke was immediately followed by a movement on Elizabeth City and Edenton. Blow after blow was struck, the rebels becoming more and more bewildered each hour, till a general panic seized them and sent those of them who could escape flying into the interior, leaving their arms, equipments, and baggage along the road, and carrying most exaggerated stories of their own losses. We have taken an island and two towns; have captured 3,000 prisoners; have destroyed a hostile fleet; have sent panic and dismay through the rebel country; have placed ourselves in a position to move with ease to even more important points. The latest intelligence we have of the movements of Gen. Burnside is received from the rebels. He was said to be moving up in the direction of Suffolk, Va., nineteen miles from Norfolk, where the Southern and South-western railroads form a junction, for the purpose of cutting off communication with Norfolk.

Great Victories in the South-west.

We had not room last week to announce the capture of Fort Henry, on the Tennessee river, and near the Northern border of the State of Tennessee. The rebels had boasted that their fortifications at this point were impregnable, but the Fort was reduced in an hour and a quarter by the gunboats under Commodore Foote. The victory is important. We captured twenty-nine cannon, an immense amount of ordnance stores, tents and camp equipage for 6,000 men with their flags, commissary supplies, and a considerable portion of their arms, 100 prisoners, including an acting Major-General; took one rebel steamboat and destroyed another; broke far into the enemy's lines, cutting off communication between Columbus and Bowling Green, and probably between Charleston and Memphis

But the victory at Fort Henry was speedily followed by another of still greater importance. On Sunday morning last, Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland river, guarding the most important line of approach to Nashville, surrendered to Gen. Grant. The battle commenced on Thursday, and continued through Friday, Saturday, and Sunday—the fighting on the three last days being very desperate. Gen. Grant took fifteen thousand prisoners, including Gens. Johnston and Buckner, together with an immense amount of war material and trophies. Floyd, the thief, true to his instincts, succeeded in stealing away on Saturday night, taking with him some 5,000 men. The entire rebel force in the position is stated as high as thirty thousand, but this is, perhaps, an exaggeration. The loss of life is necessarily very heavy on both sides, but on ours it is especially so; 400 being reported killed and 800 wounded. Our men fought with a bravery which cannot be too highly extolled, and at a disadvantage in point of position which more than overbalanced their superiority of numbers. The nature of the ground where the most severe fighting took place was such that hardly more than one regiment could engage the enemy at the same time, and regiment after regiment in turn stood up before the concentrated fire of thousands of the enemy, and only fell back with the expenditure of all their ammunition. Schwartz's battery was captured by the enemy only after all the horses attached to it had been shot, and all the officers in charge of the guns had been killed. It was recaptured again, however, in the most gallant manner, by a bold dash, in which also a portion of the rebel intrenchments were secured. The rebels, on Saturday, fought in one particular direction with the utmost pertinacity, evidently with the purpose to cut their way through the beleaguring forces and escape, but they were happily foiled in their intentions. On Sunday morning, previous to the surrender, an exchange of brief notes took place between Gen. Buckner, commanding the rebel forces, and Gen. Grant. The former proposed a commission, to fix upon terms of capitulation. Gen. Grant replied that he could allow no terms but an immediate and unconditional surrender; and Buckner, making a virtue of necessity, yielded with bad grace. It is believed that the five thousand rebels who escaped with Floyd and Pillow went to Nashville or to Clarksville, intending to make another stand, in conjunction with the forces already there. Commodore Foote has, doubtless, ere this, paid his respects to them once more.

Western Virginia.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad is once more open to Hancock, Gen. Lander having entirely cleared his department of the rebels. He made a forced march on Thursday night, Feb. 13, to Blooming Gap, surprising and breaking up the rebel camps at that place, and capturing seventeen commissioned officers and forty-five privates. He lost but two of his men and six horses. Gen. Lander charged the enemy in person, at the head of the First Virginia Cavalry. Gen. Lander received the following tribute from the Secretary of War:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
[Official.] WASHINGTON, Feb. 17, 1862.

To Brig.-Gen. F. W. LANDER:

The President directs me to say that he has observed with pleasure the activity and enterprise manifested by yourself and the officers and soldiers of your command. You have shown how much may be done in the worst weather and worst roads by a spirited officer at the head of a small force of brave men unwilling to waste life in camp when the enemies of their country are within reach. Your brilliant success is a happy presage of what may be expected when the army of the Potomac shall be led to the field by their gallant General.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

From Port Royal.

Advices from Port Royal to the 10th inst. are received by the steam-transport Baltic, which arrived at this port yesterday. All the gunboats had been sent to the vicinity of Savannah, when some of them had taken up a position cutting off communication between the city and Fort Pulaski. About 10,000 troops had also gone on the expedition, and it was generally believed that Savannah would soon be in our possession. Rumors of the capture of Savannah have since been received from rebel sources, but they want confirmation.

Exploration up the Tennessee River.

The expedition of the National gunboats up the Tennessee river to Florence, Ala., was a most successful one. All the rebel craft on the river were destroyed—six steamers being burnt by the rebels themselves, and three being captured, one of which was a half-completed gunboat, with a large amount of lumber on board. A rebel encampment, commanded by Col. Crews, was also destroyed, and two hundred stand of arms and a quantity of clothing and stores captured. But the most important result attending the expedition is the development of the sentiment of the inhabitants along the river. All accounts agree in stating that our forces were received everywhere in Tennessee and Alabama with the liveliest demonstrations of joy, and that the Old Flag was looked upon as the harbinger of their deliverance. Great numbers of men offered themselves for the service of the government, and a number were enlisted at once for the gunboats. So delighted were the people of Florence that they were desirous of giving a ball in honor of our officers. The railroad bridge at Florence was not destroyed.

Evacuation of Bowling Green.

The rebels have evacuated their boasted stronghold at Bowling Green, and the place is now in possession of the Union forces. Gen. Buell, at the head of 80,000 men, is pressing toward Nashville, which will in all probability be soon captured.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Receipts for The Standard from Jan. 1st to Feb. 1st, 1862.

1163	Charlotte L. Hill,	W. Gouldsboro, Me.	$2 00
1158	John Winslow,	Mechanics Falls, "	4 00
1180	T. Cushing,	Winterport, "	2 00
1128	O. S. Godfrey,	Cherryfield, "	2 70
1154	Rev. W. Clarke,	Minot, "	1 00
1154	Rev. J. H. Moore,	Concord, N. H.	1 00
1154	Rev. L. Billings,	" "	1 00
1178	Jacob Ela,	Rochester, "	2 00
1178	Mary D. Andrews,	Bradford, "	2 00
1131	Dr. F. J. Higginson,	Brattleboro, Vt.	3 00
1142	H. O. Straffin,	Boston, Mass.	1 00
1135	Mrs. Charles F. Hovey,	" "

Miscellaneous Department.

THE OLD FAMILY CRADLE.

LAID in the garret, where darkness and dust
Are the sole wardens of many a trust,
Silently standing amid its compeers,
Motley mementoes of many score years,
Shapeless and homely, a cast-aside thing,
Thus the old family cradle I sing.

Once with vermillion its coating was gay,
Now all its brightness is faded away;
Worn is the paint from the sides and the head,
There no soft coverlid longer is spread,
And the stiff rockers creak over the floor
Like a rheumatic, limb-weary and sore.
Yet there are thoughts full of goodness and grace
Brightening with beauty the homeliest face;—
Speak to us now of the years that are fled,
Changed are the living and peaceful the dead;
What are thy memories mournful and glad,
Family histories, mirthful or sad?

Once a young mother bent over thy side,
Fair, as a maiden, and blest, as a bride,
There were warm kisses and tears of delight,
And the kind angels looked pleased at the sight.
While the old cradle rocked gently away,
Seeming in musical murmurs to say,
"To and fro, to and fro, little one, sleep—
Angels their watch o'er thy cradle shall keep;
To and fro, to and fro, thus as we rock,
Softly and solemnly ticketh the clock,
And the swift moments, while hurrying by,
Lullaby, lullaby, sing as they fly."

But the light moments bear years on their wing—
Summer and Autumn and Winter and Spring
Quickly succeeding, pass quickly away,
And the young parents are careworn and gray,
Children are gathered by table and fire,
Blessing and honor to mother and sire.

Still the old cradle rocks steadily there,
Still there are treasures to trust to its care,
He who its pillow in infancy prest,
Soothed by the song of a mother to rest,
Now in his manhood stands proud at its side,
Watching the sleeper with fatherly pride,
And the old cradle as lovingly still
Guards like a casket its jewel from ill.

Gone are the aged ones now to repose,
Sleep which nor dreaming nor weariness knows—
Gone are the children who grew by their side
Far from the home of their childhood and wide,
And the old cradle, forsaken, forlorn,
To its long rest in the garret is borne.

Yet not forever its usefulness o'er,
In age it is summoned to service once more.
Another new-comer, bewildered, astray,
Would sleep in thy bosom its troubles away.
But alas for the love that its sorrows would share,
Alas! for the ceaseless and wearitess care,
A guardian sterner is sought in thy room,
And the sleep of the cradle exchanged for the tomb.

Rest, then, old friend, in a quiet profound,
Stirred not or startled by movement or sound,
Or if the wind, with its sleep, mournful sigh,
Bring to the memories long since gone by,
Softly as one who may murmur in sleep,
Rock in thy dreams, and thy solitude keep.

—*Massachusetts Teacher.* J. K. L.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE SLAVES?

[Extract from FREDERICK DOUGLASS's speech at the Cooper Institute, Feb. 12.]

WHEN some of the most potent, grave and reverend defenders of slavery in England urged Wilberforce for a statement of his plan of emancipation, his simple response was, quit stealing. My answer to the question, What shall be done with the four million slaves if emancipated? shall be alike short and simple: Do nothing with them, but leave them just as you leave other men, to do with and for themselves. We would be entirely respectful to those who raise this inquiry, and yet it is hard not to say to them just what they would say to us, if we manifested a like concern for them, and that is: please to mind your business, and leave us to mind ours. If we cannot stand up, then let us fall down. We ask nothing at the hands of the American people but simple justice, and an equal chance to live; and if we cannot live and flourish on such terms, our case should be referred to the Author of our existence. Injustice, oppression and slavery, with all their manifold concomitants, have been tried with us during a period of more than two hundred years. Under the whole heavens you will find no parallel to the wrongs we have endured. We have worked without wages; we have lived without hope, wept without sympathy, and bled without mercy. Now, in the name of a common humanity, and according to the law of the Living God, we simply ask the right to bear the responsibility of our own existence.

Let us alone. Do nothing with us, for us, or by us as a particular class. What you have done with us thus far has only worked to our disadvantage. We now simply ask to be allowed to do for ourselves. I submit that there is nothing unreasonable or unnatural in all this request. The black man is said to be unfortunate. I affirm that the broadest and bitterest of the black man's misfortunes is the fact that he is everywhere regarded and treated as an exception to the principles and maxims which apply to other men, and that nothing short of the extension of those principles to him can satisfy any honest advocate of his claims. . . . . What shall be done with the four million slaves, if emancipated? I answer, deal justly by them; pay them honest wages for honest work; dispense with the biting lash, and pay them the ready cash; awaken a new class of motives in them; remove those old motives of shrivelling fear of punishment which benumb and degrade the soul, and supplant them by the higher and better motives of hope, of self-respect, of honor, and of personal responsibility. Reverse the whole current of feeling in regard to them. They have been compelled hitherto to regard the white man as a cruel, selfish and remorseless tyrant, thirsting for wealth, greedy of gain, and caring nothing as to the means by which he obtains it. Now, let him see that the white man has a nobler and better side to his character, and he will love, honor, esteem the white man.

But it is said that the black man is naturally indolent, and that he will not work without a master. I know that this is a part of his bad reputation; but I also know that he is indebted for this bad reputation to the most indolent and lazy of all the American people—the slaveholders—men who live in absolute idleness, and eat their daily bread in the briny sweat of other men's faces. That the black man in slavery shirks labor—aims to do as little as he can, and to do that little in the most slovenly manner—only proves that he is a man. Thackeray says that all men are about as lazy as they can afford to be—and I do not claim that the negro is an exception to this rule. He loves ease and abundance just as other people love ease and abundance. If this is a crime, then all men are criminals, and the negro no more than the rest.

Again, it is affirmed that the negro, if emancipated, could not take care of himself. My answer to this is, let him have a fair chance to try it. For 200 years he has taken care of himself and his master in the bargain. I see no reason to believe that he could not take care, and very excellent care, of himself when having only himself to support. The case of the freed slaves in the British West Indies has already been dwelt upon in the course of these lectures, and facts, arguments, and statistics, have been presented demonstrating beyond all controversy that the black man not only has the ability and the disposition to work, but knows well how to take care of his earnings. The country over which he has toiled as a slave is rapidly becoming his property—that freedom has made him both a better producer and a better consumer.

It is one of the strangest and most humiliating triumphs of human selfishness and prejudice over human reason, that it leads men to look upon emancipation as an experiment, instead of being, as it is, the natural order of human relations. Slavery, and not Freedom, is the experiment; and to witness its horrible failure we have to open our eyes, not merely upon the blasted soil of Virginia and other slave States, but upon a whole land brought to the verge of ruin.

We are asked if we would turn the slaves all loose. I answer, Yes. Why not? They are not wolves nor tigers, but men. They are endowed with reason—can decide upon questions of right and wrong, good and evil, benefits and injuries—and are therefore subjects of government precisely as other men are.

But would you have them stay here? Why should they not? What better is here than there? What class of people can show a better title to the land on which they live than the colored people of the South? They have watered the soil with their tears and enriched it with their blood, and tilled with their hard hands during two centuries; they have levelled its forests, taken out the obstructions to the plough and hoe, reclaimed the swamps, and produced whatever has made it a goodly land to dwell in, and it would be a shame and a crime little inferior in enormity to slavery itself if these natural owners of the Southern and Gulf States should be driven away from their country to make room for others—even if others could be obtained to fill their places.

But unjust and revolting to every right-minded and humane man as is this talk of the expatriation of the slaves, the offence is not more shocking than it is unwise. For a nation to drive away its laboring population is to commit political suicide. It is like cutting off one's right hand in order to work the better and to produce the more. To say that negroes shall not live in the Southern States is like saying that the lands of the South shall be no longer cultivated. The cry has all along been, We must have negroes to work in the South, for white men cannot stand the hot sun and the fell diseases of the rice swamp and the sugar plantation. Even the leaders of the rebellion made it one of their grievances that they could not get more negroes, though from motives of policy they have now dropped this plank from their platform. No one doubts that the Gulf States mean to have more slaves from Africa just so soon as they shall get well settled in their independence. Again, why not allow the colored people of the South to remain where they are? Will they occupy more room in freedom than in slavery? If you could bear them as objects of your injustice, can they be more offensive as objects of your justice and your humanity? Why send them away? Who wants to take their places in the cotton field, in the rice swamp, and sugar field, which they have tilled for ages? The whole scheme of colonization would be too absurd for discussion, but that the madness of the moment has drowned the voice of common sense as well as common justice.

There is a measure now before Congress, duly reported from one of its Committees, proposing, first, to make the negroes leave the land of their birth, and secondly to pay the expense of their enforced removal. If such a measure can become a law, the nation is more deeply wicked than any Abolitionist has hitherto ventured to believe. It is a most mischievous and scandalous proposition, unworthy of any man not dead to the claims of every sentiment of honor and humanity. I predict that if it passes it will become like the Fugitive Slave law—it will lie dead upon the statute book—having no other effect than to alarm the freed men of the South and disgrace the Congress by which it is passed.

Once free the slaves, and at once the motives which now require their expatriation will become too weak to breathe. In the single little State of Maryland, with climate and soil which invite the white laborer to its borders, there are at this moment nearly one hundred thousand free colored people. Now, notwithstanding that Maryland is a slave State, and thus possesses a strong motive for getting rid of her free colored people, the better to hold her slaves—and notwithstanding the circumstances of climate and soil—that slave State only a year or two ago voted down, by a large majority of her people, the inhuman and barbarous proposition concerning her free colored population.

The number of colored people now on this continent and in the adjacent islands cannot fall far below twenty million. An attempt to remove them would be as vain as to bail out the ocean. The whole naval power of the United States could not remove the natural increase of our part of this population. Every fact in our circumstances here marks us as a permanent element of the American people. Mark the readiness with which we adapt ourselves to your civilization. You can take no step in any direction where the black man is not at your back or side. Go to California and dig gold: the black man is there. Go to war with Mexico, and let your armies penetrate the very heart of the country, and the black man is there. Go down into the coast of North and South Carolina, and the black man is there, and there as your friend, to give more important and more trustworthy information than you can find among all the loyal poor white trash you can scare up in that region. The negro is sometimes compared with the Indian, and it is predicted that, like the Indian, he will die out before the onward progress of the Anglo-Saxon race. I have not the least apprehension at this point. In features and complexion, the negro is more unlike the European than is his Mongolian brother. But the interior resemblance is greater than the exterior difference. The Indian wraps himself in gloom, and proudly glories in isolation—he retreats before the onward march of civilization. The humming of the honey bee warns him away from his hunting grounds. He sees the plowshare of civilization tossing up the bones of his venerated fathers, and he dies of a broken heart. Not so with the negro. There is a vitality about him that seems alike invincible to hardship and cruelty. Work him, whip him, sell him, torment him, and he still lives, and clings to American civilization—an Uncle Tom in the Church, and an Uncle Ben on the Southern coast, to guide our Burnside expeditions.

My friends, the destiny of the colored American, however this mighty war shall terminate, is the destiny of America. We shall never leave you. The allotments of Providence seem to make the black man of America the open book out of which the American people are to learn lessons of wisdom, power, and goodness—more sublime and glorious than any yet attained by the nations of the Old or the New World. Over the bleeding back of the American bondman we shall learn mercy. In the very extreme difference of color and features of the negro and the Anglo-Saxon, shall be learned the highest ideas of the sacredness of men and the fullness and perfection of human brotherhood.

AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

A LECTURE BY R. W. EMERSON.

AN audience, appreciative, but limited as to numbers, enjoyed, on Friday evening, Feb. 6 the uncommon pleasure of listening for a short hour to a lecture by Mr. Emerson, in New Chapel, Brooklyn.

Mr. Emerson spoke generally of the various degrees of progress, which is called "Civilization," from the eaters of pounded snakes to the foremost races of mankind, showing how these degrees were marked in points of religion, the sense of honor, the social position of women, taste, the useful and the fine arts; and how, in the condition of barbarism, there was the absence of abstract thought, the arts of peace, and pure morality.

High among the primary civilizing agencies he placed the sea. "The power which the sea requires of the sailor makes a man of him very soon." The log-hut, too, giving exercise for a certain rude skill, and creating a new sense of comfort by the protection it affords, is a civilizer; and in many such in the Western frontier might now be found the piano and the Latin grammar: the future men of the country preparing to compete ere long in the race for fame and honor.

The Indian footpath widened to a good road; agriculture in room of pasturage; the post-office; the division of labor, so that the workman might live by his strength, and not by his weakness, were pacificators, and agencies or traits of civilization, each in its way.

In connection with the question of labor, he cited Johnson's opinion, who held the belief that "men are seldom so honestly employed as when making money." And as incidental to a severe morality, which is essential to a high order of civilization, he reverted to the courtesy shown to woman, so that, if asked for a simple definition of the term civilization, he should answer, "the influence of good women."

He further spoke of such results or traits of civilization as were seen in the telegraph, the press, modern ship-building—the steamship, "the pulses of whose iron heart go bounding through the storm"; of the complex organization which marks civilized existence; of climate, which, with partial exceptions in Egypt, Arabia and India, shows the greatest advancement in the civilizing arts to have been made within the temperate regions of the earth.

One condition was ever found indispensable—morality—not always called by that name, but sometimes by the name of honor, patriotism, religious faith. The principle, essentially, was that of the German philosopher, whose maxim was, "Act always so that the immediate motive of thy will may be a universal rule for all intelligent beings."

Referring to the aid man received from the natural laws in his progress toward civilization, the lecturer spoke of how the woodchopper was aided by the laws of gravitation; of the mill-power got by the waterfall; of the electric currents ready to travel in whatever direction the human will suggested; and of the aid the astronomer received from the silent motion of the globe on which he stands. So that the wisdom of man had taught him "to hitch his waggon to a star, and make the gods themselves do his *chores*."

Mr. Emerson next spoke of the evil agencies which were made to minister to good ends. At this crisis in the country's history a national tax on whiskey would do good. "Tobacco and opium have broad backs, and may be made to carry armies—if you only make them pay for the joy they give and the harm they do."

From this point Mr. Emerson naturally made the point and pith of his observations turn to the war, and the primary cause thereof. Taking the ground that labor is necessary to civilization, he spoke of its dignity, characterising as noble the princely motto, "*Ich dien*"—(I serve).

"God," said Mr. Emerson, "is God, because he is the servant of all." What, then, is slavery—that institution which should be more justly termed "destitution," which has made labor a disgrace? "All honest men are daily toiling"; and there is a stimulus in the opening of the great political economist's book, which makes palatable what is afterward dry, when he says "all wealth is derived from labor."

The lecturer subsequently enlarged on the question of emancipation; on his faith that *events* were marching faster than the politicians; and on his belief that the "mountainous nonsense insulting the daylight" would be swept away. He said, "America at this hour is but another word for *opportunity*"; and he dwelt with emphasis on the important lessons this war had already given our people.

"The spread eagle is learning to fold his foolish wings, and be less like a peacock"; the fop in the street is less offensive; the public writer less florid; the wit less fantastical; there are everywhere signs of returning prudence and economy, and there being less dyspepsia, the general health is improved.

In the future of the country Mr. Emerson avowed his faith, and closed his lecture with the abruptness which marked its separate parts.—*Tribune.*

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC."

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

ALL quiet! Through the dusky trees
I see the white tents gleam,
And, filled with mournful auguries,
I walk as in a dream.
I listen for the drum's loud beat,
The trumpet's stirring cry,
The tramping of a thousand feet;
—The lone winds make reply!

All quiet! O'er the bosky dells
The moon hangs full and low,
Where lazy-footed sentinels
Pace silent to and fro.
So still, so quiet—who might guess
An armed host slumbered there?
Oh God! is this the quietness
Of death or of despair?

All quiet! Yet a shameless foe
Stalks wakeful through the land,
With scowls of vengeance on his brow,
And red bolts in his hand.
Where is the welcome ye should deal,
Oh brave men, strong and true?
Give answer from your flashing steel!
Let great deeds speak for you!

Gird your good swords upon your thighs,
Like men of old renown,
And in God's mighty strength arise
And tread His aliens down.
Go in! Behold the open door;
And as ye go, proclaim
To all His sad and suffering Poor,
Deliverance in His name.

Then shall your righteousness like seas,
Your peace like rivers flow,
And God, who giveth us increase,
At length shall make us know,
They only walk in His sweet light,
As nations or as men,
Who give to others in His sight
What they would ask again.

Fitchburg, Mass.

CAN EMANCIPATED SLAVES TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES?

THE following experience of Mr. McDonough, a slaveholder, who resided near New Orleans, will go far to answer the above question. It is abridged from a statement published by Mr. McDonough in *The Cincinnati Gazette*, March, 1843. Dr. John G. Palfrey, formerly member of Congress, and author of a very valuable History of New England, made use of it in a pamphlet he published in vindication of free labor. Dr. Palfrey, whose father was a slaveholder in New Orleans, was acquainted with Mr. McDonough, and has conversed with him concerning the experiment here described.

Mr. McDonough, finding that his slaves worked for themselves on Sunday, for want of time on other days, proposed to give them Saturday afternoon to work for themselves, if they would keep the Sabbath. He was soon struck with the amount of labor they performed during the half day they had to themselves, and with the sums of money they contrived to derive from it. It occurred to him that it would be a good plan gradually to sell them the remaining days of the week, on condition of their paying him certain sums out of their wages, at appointed periods. So far as appears, the plan was suggested solely by financial policy, uninfluenced by any conviction of the wrongfulness of taking other people's wages. He called his slaves together, eighty in number, and proposed to them to work for him on Saturday afternoon, at small wages, instead of working for themselves. He advised them to draw upon these wages as little as possible, and leave the remainder in his hands to buy the whole of Saturday for themselves. That the terms he offered were pretty hard, is evident from the fact that he told them he calculated it would take them *seven years* to buy *one day*. But he reminded them that the first part of the process would be the most difficult; for when they had the whole of Saturday to work for wages, they could in less time buy Friday for themselves; and the facility would go on increasing with every day of the week they succeeded in purchasing. He told them that, according to the terms he could offer, and the calculations he had made, it would take them about *fifteen years* to buy their entire freedom.

Undismayed by the tediousness of the process, the slaves seized his offer with eagerness. They went to work so zealously, that they bought the whole of Saturday in less than six years; Friday was bought in four years; Thursday in two years and a quarter; Wednesday in fifteen months; Tuesday in one year; Monday in six months.

In fourteen years and a half, they had purchased their freedom, beside working diligently for their master on the days that still legally belonged to him. It would have been done sooner, but during the latter years they expended more than they had formerly done for comforts and conveniences for their families. The labor of their little boys and girls also had not made up the sum required for them by the master; so there was a balance due on their account, which they worked five additional months to pay.

Mr. McDonough, describing his experiment, says:

"They had always been well disposed and orderly, but, from the day I made the proposition, a great change took place in them. A sedateness, a care, an economy, and industry took possession of them, to which there appeared to be no bounds but their physical strength. They became temperate, moral and religious, setting an example that was observed and admired by all. They performed for me more labor, and a better labor, than slaves usually perform, and, in addition to that, earned money enough to buy themselves. From the time the experiment began to its completion, beside paying for themselves, they gained for me money enough to enable me to buy a gang of slaves, *nearly twice their number*, at the prices in Carolina and Virginia. This I state from exact accounts kept by me, which I am ready to attest to, in the most solemn manner, at any time."

The steadiness and industry of these slaves attracted attention in the neighborhood, and also in the adjacent city of New Orleans, where twenty or thirty of them were let out to work under the superintendence of a head bricklayer, named Jim.

The public were not informed of the stimulus which prompted these slaves to such unusual activity and diligence. Perhaps Mr. McDonough did not consider it prudent to have much talk about it. Such experiments prove *too much*; they interfere with the established policy of slaveholding society, and consequently are generally viewed with disapprobation, which sometimes manifests itself in inconvenient ways. Among those whose attention was attracted by these slaves was a Mr. Parker, of New Orleans.

"What kind of people are those of yours?" said he to Mr. McDonough. "I never saw such a people. They are building a house next door to me, where I can have my eye on them from morning till night, and they are always at work. Do tell me where they live?"

"They live on the opposite side of the river, where I do," replied Mr. McDonough, "and when they are employed in New Orleans, they cross the river every night and morning."

"Why, Sir, I am an early riser," said Mr. Parker. "I am usually up before day. But every morning they wake me up with their singing and the noise of their trowels. They work as long as they can see to lay a brick; and after that, they carry up bricks and mortar for an hour or two, so as to be ahead of their work the next morning. They never *walk* up and down these immensely long ladders, five stories high: they *run* up and down all day. If there was a white overseer driving them, whip in hand, I could understand it. But there is nobody over them, and I never saw you at the building. That Jim must be a great man, Sir, I should like to own him."

He had previously made successive offers for Jim, and finally offered $5,000, which was refused.

Mr. McDonough says:

"Mr. Parker was not aware of the stimulus that was acting on the heart of each and every one of them. He did not know that it was the whole body of them that moved together as one mind; that it was not merely the greatness of the head man, as he supposed."

In order duly to estimate the power of the motive which stimulated these slaves, the reader must bear in mind the hard terms their master made with them, and the long years they were working, with hope deferred. Added to this, was the fact that freedom was coupled with the penalty of banishment from home and friends. Slaveholders do not like the presence of emancipated slaves around them; it makes other slaves uneasy. Consequently, when they had worked out their freedom, they were obliged to go to Liberia. Negroes are remarkable for strong attachments; and powerful indeed must be the motives, either of fear or hope, that can induce them to leave the scenes to which they have been long accustomed.

Yet, with all these drawbacks, their souls were filled with gratitude to the man who had granted them the boon of freedom, though he had made by the transaction a good deal of money which rightfully belonged to them. On the 8th of June, 1842, they all sailed for Liberia. Their last words, when they parted with McDonough's other slaves, were: "As you hope to meet us in heaven, take good care of our beloved master."

In the island of Jamaica, the emancipated slaves had to contend with difficulties of all sorts. Their masters were very deeply in debt at the time of emancipation; they were exceedingly reluctant to give up their old habits of despotism; they paid their laborers the lowest possible wages, and charged them the highest possible rents. The wages of the emancipated slaves were 18 to 24 cents a day, out of which they boarded themselves; yet in four years they bought land and erected buildings, for which they paid $823,650. During that short period of freedom, they bought and paid for more than 100,000 acres of land, on which they worked diligently, raising vegetables for the use of their families and for the market. Does *that* look as if emancipated slaves could not take care of themselves?

After emancipation in the British West Indies, the imports into those islands increased at a rapid rate. The slaves, who formerly wore cotton-bagging, could afford to buy calico and ribbons, good shoes and good hats. Many even indulged in the luxuries of pretty china, mahogany tables, and clocks, in their neat little whitewashed cottages.

Have the merchants and manufacturers of the North ever thought how many more articles would be bought at the South if the laborers were free, and thus enabled to live better and dress better?—*Tribune.*

A FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH OF GRAY'S ELEGY.

From The Inverness Courier.

WHEN a man gives £131 for a sheet of post paper containing a copy of verses, he is well entitled to prize his acquisition, and give it all the distinction he can. This draft of Gray's Elegy is finely photographed by Cundall, Downes & Co., from a MS. belonging to Mr. R. C. Wrightson. Gray had given a MS. to his friend and biographer Mason. Mason left it to his curate, Mr. Bright, and the curate to his son, who sold it to Mr. Penn, of Manor House, near Slough, for £100. Still rising in value, the precious sheet was again offered for sale in 1854, and was purchased by Mr. Wrightson, for the large sum above mentioned. The neat handwriting of Gray (he always wrote with a crowquill) is faithfully rendered, and the variations between this draught and the finally revised and printed copy are curious. Six verses appear to have been omitted, or at least melted down, as it were, into lines and phrases subsequently employed:

"The thoughtless World to Majesty must bow,
Exalt the brave and idolize success;
But more to Innocence their safety owe
Than power or genius e'er conspired to bless.

And thou who, mindful of the unhonored Dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To linger in the lonely walks of Fate,

Hark how the sacred calm that reigns around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whisp'ring from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more with Reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool, sequester'd vale of life
Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom."

In another omitted verse we have a fine little cabinet picture:

"Him we have seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath he hied, his labor done,
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun."

And the following very beautiful stanza occurs immediately before the epitaph:

"There scattered oft the earliest of ye year,
By hands unseen are frequent vi'lets found;
The robin loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

Another stanza is thus given:

"Some village Cato, who, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Tully here may rest;
Some Cæsar guiltless of his country's blood."

Mason, with excellent taste, suggested that English instead of classical examples should be cited, and Gray substituted Hampden for Cato, Milton for Tully, and Cromwell for Cæsar. Some of the other variations are curious, and every alteration is an improvement. The line:

"E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires,"

stands in this first draught:

"And buried ashes glow with social fires."

The original idea, however, is in Chaucer:

"Yet in our ashes cold is fire yreken."

The last verse of the poem stands thus in the original:

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Nor seek to draw them from their dread abode,
(His frailties there in trembling hope repose);
The bosom of his Father and his God."

By comparing this with the revised version, it will be seen how much the poet improved the expression of the sentiment. Gray was an exquisite artist, and labored at the conceptions with equal diligence and taste. He, perhaps, refined too much, but it was only by careful correction, combined with consummate taste and genius, that such highly-finished productions as this Elegy and the Odes could have been produced. The circumstances attending the publication of the Elegy are thus related by the editor of the *fac-simile*:

"Shenstone enumerates among the apologies commonly made by persons guilty of 'a violation of modesty' in commencing as authors, the 'accidental elopements of a composition,' the danger of an imperfect and surreptitious publication, the indiscreet pressure of friends, the pious and well-meant frauds of acquaintances, and the irresistible commands of persons in high life. So copies of the 'Elegy,' being handed about by the indiscretion of Horace Walpole, one fell into the hands of the editor of a piratical publication, called *The Magazine of Magazines*, who at once wrote to the author to inform him of his intentions to print, and to request the honor of further communications. The poet, of course, declined, and wrote to his friend Walpole, 'I have but one bad way left to escape the honor they would inflict upon me; and therefore am obliged to desire you would make Dodsley print it immediately (which may be done in less than a week's time), from your copy, but without my name'; and he subsequently remarked, 'If he would add a line or two to say it came into his hands by accident, I should like it better.' Horace Walpole accordingly penned an advertisement to the reader, assuring him that accident only brought the poem before the public, although an apology was unnecessary to any but the author; and the poet in acknowledgment writes, 'I thank you for your advertisement, which saves my honor.' Among many foolish fashions which have gone out since then, the fashion which made it necessary to publish the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' by the aid of such ingenious hypocrisy is among the least to be regretted. The poem was published in February, 1751, in quarto, with the quaint title of 'An Elegy wrote in a Country Churchyard,' price sixpence; the title-page being decorated with skulls, hour-glasses, and cross-bones, in white upon a black bar. It was annonymous here, and so continued to be published for many years; but the rogues of the *Magazine of Magazines* had no such delicacy. They hurried it into print a few days before the active Dodsley could be ready with the author's edition. The plan of the *Magazine of Magazines* was to introduce its pieces of poetry and prose by the machinery of a supposed club of convivial gentlemen of literary tastes. Accordingly, in their February number Hilario, rising, remarks—'Gentlemen, give me leave to sooth my own melancholy and amuse you in a most noble manner with a full copy of verses by the very ingenious Mr. Gray, of Peterhouse, Cambridge. They are stanzas written in a country churchyard.' By this indiscretion the reluctant poet was drawn into publicity, and his fame began to be heard of, even in the quiet retreat of Stoke."

The editor assigns the locality of the Elegy to Stoke-Pogeis, where Gray's aunt resided, and where, in the quiet little churchyard of Stoke the poet and his mother are buried. The spot is about two miles from the station at Slough, and is eminently beautiful, realizing the inimitable description in the poem.

A NEW RACE OF MEN.

AT a late meeting of the Ethnological Society, the paper read was "On the Osteology and Dentition of the Aborigines of the Andaman Islands, by Professor Owen." The Andaman Islands are inhabited by a race of black dwarfs, notorious for their audacity and implacable hostility to strangers. They go entirely naked, and the females are subjected to indiscriminate intercourse, until chosen or allotted as wives, when they are required to be faithful to their husbands, and to serve them. Their dead are covered with leaves, and tied up into a bundle with cordage of strong creepers, the ends being knotted together to form a sling to carry it to the grave. This is a small hole, three feet deep, dug with a pointed stick, the earth being thrown out with the hand; and two or three months' after the burial of the corpse, when the flesh has been rotted and eaten away by the land crabs and ants, the bones are exhumed and taken to the encampment by the relatives, who each select one as a relic, the skull belonging to the nearest of kin. The skeleton described by Professor Owen was that of a male Andamaner, brought to England by Dr. Mouatt, the Inspector of Indian prisons. From the dimensions of the bones, the body was about 4 feet 10 inches in height. The skull is oval; the frontal region rather narrow, but not low. There is no similarity between it and the African negroes, nor with the Papuan, Australian, the Malayan, or the Mongolian types. Professor Owen saw no anatomical grounds for deriving the Andaman people from any existing continent, but by these remarks he did not intend any encouragement to a belief that they had originated in the locality to which they were now limited. He thought we should rather look back to one of those ancient continents with the destruction of some of which geological, geographical and zoological researches have made us acquainted. The Andaman Islands may have been part of some former extent of dry land distinct from, and perhaps even preexistent to, that neighboring continent which has been the scene of the elevation of the Himalayan mountains within the tertiary period. Antecedent generations of the race may have coexisted with the slow and gradual geological changes which have obliterated the place of their primitive origin. In every essential human character, the Andamaners participate with their most gifted brethren, and, they in no way approach the ourangs and chimpanzees, except in their diminutive stature. Dr. Mouatt, Lieutenant Heathcote, Professor Busk, Mr. Lubbock, Dr. R. King, and Dr. Knox, took part in the instructive discussion which followed the reading of the paper.

THE TWO MESSENGERS.

COLUMBIA.

I HAVE a message must cross the sea,
But I doubt what message it shall be;
And be it Peace, or be it War,
A fitting post I would choose therefor.
So say, you bonny birds of mine,
Around which neck shall I tie the twine?

THE EAGLE.

Round mine, round mine, my mistress sweet,
My wings are broad and my flight is fleet;
And I have a beak to rend the prey,
And talons for all my course would stay;
And I can swoop over land and sea,
Then "War," and your message send by *me*.

THE DOVE.

Round mine, O mistress sweet! round mine.
I'm swift as arrow, and true as line.
Nor talons sharp, nor beak have I,
But a soft, sweet voice, and a pleading eye;
And none will harm me, on land or sea,
Then "Peace," and send your message by me.

THE EAGLE.

The Lion stands in act to spring;
Her glove Britannia lifts to fling.
A haughty claim asks haught reply;
He half has conquered who dares defy.
With the Lion the Eagle should parley hold;
Then give me the message brief and bold.

THE DOVE.

The dugs of the Lioness suckled thee,
When first thou camest over sea.
Better, I ween, than Britannia's glove,
Is the hand of Britannia, clasped in love.
'Twixt Dove and Lion, calm speech may be;
Then the message of Peace send thou by me.

THE EAGLE.

Thou hast boasted and blustered and talked of fight;
Hast set a bold face in lieu of right,
If breath thou bate, or back thou draw,
Or, instead of battle, offer law,
Oh! scornful the Lion's laugh will be.
Then the message of War send thou by me.

THE DOVE

If thou hast boasted, boast no more;
If war thou hast challenged, repent it sore.
The devil's wickedest whisper to man
Is, "Let wrong end, since wrong began."
Oh! glad the Lion's great heart will be,
If a message of peace thou send by me.

And still in doubt doth Columbia stand,
A bird and an answer on either hand;
For War—the Eagle with eyes aglow;
For Peace—the Dove, with her plumes of snow,
But Peace or War should the message be,
'Twill find them ready across the sea.

—*Punch.*

AN AMERICAN RENDERING OF THE CONCLUDING STANZAS.

And not in doubt doth Columbia stand,
The bird and the answer on either hand;
For War—the Eagle, with eyes aglow;
For Peace—the Dove, with her plumes of snow.
For Peace America's message shall be;
Will it find a response across the sea?

THE POONANGS—A NATION WITH TAILS.

IN the Dutch Byblad for September, 1860, occurs a description of the different nations inhabiting Borneo, with a notice respecting the tribe of the Poonangs, which, on account of the singular peculiarity to which the author refers, I think too remarkable for oblivion. The article is inserted in a serious periodical, and I have no reason whatever to doubt of its veracity. It relates as follows: "The Poonangs are very shy, and reside in the most interior part of Borneo. And no wonder they are rarely met with, for as soon as they are frightened by the appearance of something out of the way, they hide behind the trees, and kill every being that comes under bear of their blow pipe. They have a most ugly look." In stature and color they are much the same as the Bassaps, but their forehead is more indented, their face more prominent, and their mouth exceedingly wide. They speak a language which had no affinity at all with the tongues used by the other tribes, and only consists of monosyllabic sounds. But the most remarkable feature of all is, that they have tails like the animals, and which are longer in one individual than the other, whilst those of the females are very short and of a softer kind than with the males. The common size of the appendage is between three and five inches. On the whole, however, it is hard, stiff and nearly immovable, which makes sitting an impossibility. To remedy this defect, or rather this exuberance, the Poonangs always take with them a wooden block with a hole, and use it as a chair, after first having carefully put their tail in the perforation. It is said this nation is spread all over the inland regions of the isle, though I heard the tribe mentioned under another name in the Kootee state. The aborigines of the several dominions, all relate the same tale about the Poonangs, and last year the subjects of the Sultan of Goonong-Taboor had the good luck to catch three individuals of the race. Mr. Van Hontrop, who just then was in the Borneo province, has seen and manipulated them; and, after accurate investigation, he came to the result that their tail was neither a sham nor a diseased excrescence. To persuade me that gentleman brought me in contact with several eye-witnesses, who all testified the same. And at Macassar, where the existence of these tailed natives had been long held for a fable, Mr. Van Hontrop did all he could to prove the truth of his relation. He even promised the Sultan his services to exert himself as much as possible to catch some Poonangs, and to have them transported, dead or alive, to Macassar, from whence they then could be taken to Holland and examined by the "Royal Academy of Sciences."

Gorrilas the Poonangs are not, for this species of monkey inhabits Africa and is tailless.

Zeyst, near Utrecht, Sept. 24, 1860. ABRAN SENNEP.
—*Notes and Queries.*

EMANCIPATION IN DELAWARE.

A MEASURE is now before the Delaware Legislature, providing for the gradual emancipation of the slaves within the State. After the year 1872, slavery shall be entirely abolished; and every person now held in slavery, that shall, at the time when the act goes into operation, be above the age of 35 years, or shall arrive at that age within 90 days thereafter, whether such person be held as a slave for life or for any shorter period, shall, at the expiration of 90 days after the act goes into operation, become and be absolutely free of servitude, and every person that shall arrive at the age of 35 years before the 1st day of January, 1872, shall upon arrival at that age be absolutely free, so that there shall after the expiration of 90 days from the time when the act goes into operation, be no person above the age of 35 years, in the State, who shall not be free. The act further provides that every person who shall be born after the period named, and whose mother shall at the time of such birth be a slave, shall be taken to be born free, but the master shall have the right to the service of such person, if a male, until he shall arrive at the age of 21 years, and if a female until she be of the age of 18 years, but such right to the service shall not impart any right of property in the person, but in the service only, after the manner of an indentured servant. And every slave now living, or that may be born before the act goes into operation, and who, if male, would be under the age of 21 years, or, if female, under the age of 18, on the 1st day of January, in 1872, shall be absolutely free on the said day; and every person who shall be declared free, by deed of freedom executed before January, 1872, and before arrival at these ages respectively, shall be absolutely free on the execution of the deed of freedom; but, in either case, the master shall have the right to the service of such person, if a male, until he shall be 21 years of age, and if a female, until she be 18 years, but such right shall not impart any right of property in the person, but in the service only. No slave is to be exported from the State, and the faith of the State is pledged to the United States to prevent, as far as possible, the carrying of any person into slavery beyond the limits thereof. The foregoing sections are declared upon the condition that the United States will, at the present session of Congress, engage by law to the State to pay in bonds of the United States, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent., $900,000, in ten equal annual payments, the first instalment of $90,000 to be payable before the 1st day of September, 1862, and the residue in nine equal installments annually thereafter.—*Tribune.*

Later.—The Legislature of Delaware has just adjourned, having passed a resolution expressly denouncing any measure to abolish slavery in the State. It also declined assuming the State's quota of the national tax, and refused to pass a resolution instructing their Representatives and Senators to sustain the government in the prosecution of the war. It is very evident Delaware has not any loyalty to spare. But the people say the Legislature misrepresents them, and they will change its character.

THE HERALD'S SPY.

The Herald pretends that Mr. Malcolm Ives, now a political prisoner at Fort Lafayette, was only a correspondent of that journal. We have legal evidence that he was, a few months since, one of its editors, and such, doubtless, he continued up to three days ago. To deny it is in accordance with that ingratitude to the gods which characterizes *The Herald*. Not only was Ives one of its editors, but it is claimed for him that he is the particular editor whose abilities illuminated that sheet a few months ago, making it distinguished for its bold treason, its attempts to carry New York with the secessionists, and to procure the adoption of the Montgomery Constitution by the North as a substitute for the Federal Constitution. It was Ives also who has more recently illuminated the columns of *The Herald* with those brilliant and effective appeals to the government, for the incarceration of Beecher, Phillips, Greeley and others, as traitors, and for the suppression of *The Times*, *Post* and *Tribune*. Instead of being grateful that the government has got hold of the right man, *The Herald* attempts to create the impression that he had no editorial position on the paper. That it should desert a friend in extremity is characteristic of *The Herald*, but in its attempt to escape the obloquy which reflects upon it from the fate that has overtaken its trusted and special agent at Wash